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CONTENTS

omments . . . . . . Page 165
rade Union Crossroads 167
ismantling—or Loot? By R. H. S. Crossman, M.P. 167
he Scoop Goes West. By Tom Driberg, M.P. 168
London Diary. By Critic 169
uiet Flows the Danube. By Sagittarius . 170
his England 170
ugoslav Tragedy 170
he Council House Rent 171
Malaya's Rule of Fear. By Andrew Roth . 171
More Cantankery. By J. B. Priestley . . 172
The Arts and Entertainment:
  Ballet. By Beryl de Zoete 173
  Radio Notes. By William Salter . . . 173
  Movies. By William Whitebait . . . 173
Correspondence 173
  From Dorothy F. Buxton; C. E. M. Joad; C. H. Whiteley; Archibald Robertson; M. Rapoport; Roy Walter; and Howard Pursey.
Books in General. By Noel Annan . Page 176
Reviews:
  Existentialism. By C. E. M. Joad . . 177
  Soviet Economy. By G. D. H. Cole . . 177
  The Guide. By Stephen Bone . . . 178
  The Wilde Trials. By Sewell Stokes . . 179
  History and the Hunt. By Hester W. Chapman 179
Gramophone Notes. By Edward Sackville West 180
Week-end Competitions 182

THE ISSUES IN WESTERN GERMANY

HE Moscow talks—they must not be called negotiations,” since we have refused to negotiate nder the duress of the Berlin blockade—are now ntering their fifth week. The second meeting ith Stalin was apparently concerned with an nbiguity in Mr. Bedell Smith's presentation of e Western case in the initial conversation. It s now been made clear that the only condition n which we are prepared to recognise the Ost-ark as the sole currency of Berlin, is that it hould be given a Four-Power sanction. This ould, of course, involve the recognition by the ussians of Four-Power control in general, and e reconstruction of the unitary administration hich has been almost totally destroyed during e last month. But is Stalin prepared to concede is so long as we continue to press forward with e creation of a Western German State, and so ng as the permanent partition of Germany is ticipated by the provision of Marshall Aid clusively to the three Western Zones? A sumption of negotiations for a peace treaty on ch a basis would indeed be a major victory for estern diplomacy.

Meanwhile, in Western Germany itself, remark-le changes have been taking place. The erman politicians, who greeted the London reement with open hostility and opposed the rmation of a Western German State, are now lking as though the suspension of work upon would be a betrayal of German democracy. his *volteface* has less to do with the struggle in erlin than with the initial success of currency form. Western Germany, in fact, as recipient Marshall Aid and the most popular nation in ashington, has now, in the view of the Right-ing C.D.U. politicians in Frankfurt, something ore to lose than its chains. A recent Gallup ll disclosed that their fears of a few weeks ago out conniving at the partition of Germany are t shared by the man in the street. He seems rfectly content to accept the partition in return r an improved diet, and he displays a cynical, grand-stand” attitude to the Battle of Berlin hich has come as a shock to some Allied servers.

The explanation is simple enough. Currency reform, followed by the abolition of almost every control except that on wages, has suddenly and dramatically transformed Western Germany into a business man's and peasant's paradise. The home market, with prices rising even faster than in America ~~and an insatiable demand~~ for goods, provides the speculator with golden opportunities; and the last motive for participating in the export drive has ~~been removed~~. “Why bother to bridge the gap,” ask the C.D.U. politicians, who now dominate the Frankfurt regime, “when we can rely on American assistance so long as we imitate American free enterprise?” The two Labour M.P.s who, on their return from Germany last week, reported that the British Zone had taken new heart, were right enough if they were referring to the business community and the Right-wing politicians.

On the other side, however, a very different picture presents itself. The Trade Unions cannot for long accept a wage-stop combined with soaring prices. They are disgusted by the revelation that the short commons before currency reform were caused, not by a real shortage, but by hoarding on the part of manufacturers and peasants; and they are alarmed by the signs that hoarding is beginning again in the hope of bigger profits to be made as prices rise. Restoration of a free economy in such an impoverished country has brought with it a revival of class warfare in its most primitive form. And the political issue round which it now centres is the form which the promised *Lastenausgleich* should take. The Right wing demands compensation on the basis of the distribution of wealth before currency reform; the Socialists on that of existing need.

The Socialist case is overwhelmingly strong. Despite the facade of prosperity, the contrast of riches and poverty is even more striking than before. Out of 32,000,000 savings bank accounts, 19,000,000 were entirely liquidated by the currency reform. In addition, we have to reckon the refugees from the Eastern Zone, most of whom had no savings and to whom no relief can be provided by the impoverished *Laender,* after they have spent their last twenty Marks of *Kopfgeld* in a few weeks' time. Moreover, of these 12,000,000 refugees, only 15 per cent. are men between the ages of 15 and 65 who can earn a living; the rest are old people, women and children for whom a *Lastenausgleich,* based on need, is the only hope of survival.

This appalling social problem has been sharply accentuated by the decision to return to a strictly free economy which has been made with full American approval. “Unto everyone that hath, shall be given; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.” The only hope is that the Socialists in the forthcoming elections will boldly call for a controlled economy on the British model, and so either split the C.D.U., which relies on the votes of millions of Catholic workers, or win a clear-cut victory. If they fail, and the present insane policy is continued, German democracy will be discredited before the Government is established next January; and the neo-Fascists and Communists will appear to the impoverished masses as the only champions of social justice. But for the Socialists to succeed, they need full support from Britain. Mr. Bevin must preach in Frankfurt the policy which Sir Stafford Cripps practises in London.

“ . . . Who Help Themselves ”

It is becoming increasingly clear that, if Western Europe is to stand on its own feet when the flow of Marshall Aid dollars dries up, the chief problem to be solved is how to augment a planned interchange of commodities among the Sixteen Nations. The latest E.C.A. survey shows that, in the four months ended on August 7, purchases by the Marshall nations had been authorised to a total of about 940 million dollars; but virtually the whole of the authorised expenditure was for expendable food and raw materials, of which 62 per cent. was to be supplied by the United States and the rest represented “off shore” purchases, mainly from Canada. The volume of capital equipment to be supplied was negligible. On present indications, there appears to be considerable resistance in America against financing any large expansion of European plant; indeed, the essential expansion of British and Continental steel output is being jeopardised by the insistence of the United States on securing no less than 440,000 tons of German steel scrap in the first year of the Marshall Plan. Concern is also being occasioned, both in London and Paris, by the fact that, under pressure from the powerful shipping lobby in Congress, E.C.A. is not merely enforcing rigidly the stipulation that 50 per cent. of all Marshall Aid shipments must be reserved to American ships, but is fixing a preferential minimum freight rate for the cargoes reserved—at a level appreciably higher than free market rates. Thus not merely are the European maritime nations excluded from making the best of their dollar-earning shipping services, but a large chunk of E.C.A. dollars is going to the American lines. All this adds up to the conclusion that if Marshall Aid is to be more than a temporary and deceptive cushion against hard realities, Western Europe will have to do much more in the way of self-help—and quickly.

No Peace in Greece

The Greek Monarchist forces have at last scored a substantial success against General Markos and his partisans. Enjoying overwhelming superiority in material and the operational "advice" of American liaison officers attached to each brigade, they have blasted their way through the Grammos *massif*, inflicting (and suffering) heavy casualties in the process. Having regard to the difficulties of the terrain, this is a considerable military achievement. But there is no indication that it is decisive, or that it will bring this ruinous campaign to an end. It seems clear that on August 20 the bulk of the partisans broke through the still incomplete ring of the investing Monarchist forces and moved southwards into the enemy rear. Other smaller groups appear to have made their way northwards along (or it may be across) the Albanian frontier (with possible international complications) and to have occupied Mount Vitsi, between Kastoria and Florina. There are reports, too, of intensified partisan activity both in southern Epirus and, particularly, in the Peloponnesus. With only two months of campaigning weather left this year, the hopes entertained by the Monarchist Government and U.S. General van Fleet, that General Markos could be liquidated before the winter, seem destined to be disappointed. Is it too much to expect that this inconclusive result of the much advertised Grammos campaign will be utilised by the British Government, acting through the Security Council, as an opportunity to press, even at this late hour, for a new deal in Greece? So long as an ultra-reactionary, semi-Fascist regime holds power in Athens, there is no likelihood of the "rebellion" being finally suppressed; but, if Greece were placed under provisional Uno trusteeship, and a genuinely representative coalition government of "moderates" formed in Athens, there might still be a chance of persuading General Markos to accept truce terms before the economy of Greece is irretrievably wrecked by civil war.

Trouble Ahead in France

With M. Reynaud on the bridge and the Socialists battened below decks, the Marie Government, it is already clear, is headed for heavy weather. The first steps taken by the Finance Minister have been to promise the farmers increased guaranteed prices for wheat and milk. He has not thereby succeeded in overcoming the farmers' hoarding proclivities, and the Minister for Food has been threatening agriculturists with fiscal reprisals if they do not improve their deliveries, particularly of meat, to urban markets. What M. Reynaud has achieved is renewed unity of action between the C.G.T. and the non-Communist unions. The latter have now declared that they see no further point in continuing their consultations with the Government unless and until it produces definite plans for reducing the cost of living. Meanwhile the Communist and non-Communist workers in the nationalised Reynault factories have lodged a demand for an immediate monthly bonus of 3,000 francs, and a similar claim is being put forward generally for its members by the Christian Trade Union. Having secured payment of their price for joining the Marie Government—postponement of the departmental council elections—the Socialists will find it difficult to support the workers against M. Reynaud. The Communists, who abstained from voting on the postponement motion, can now devote themselves happily to "industrial action," leaving General de Gaulle free to denounce the "parties" for their "undemocratic and unconstitutional" evasion of elections.

Indo-China and Indonesia

The new French and Dutch Governments are both continuing the ostrich-like Colonial policies of their predecessors. M. Marie's ambiguous statement, which has the effect of postponing a debate on French policy towards Viet-Nam, can only lower the prestige of his Government amongst thoughtful people in France. In Indo-China he has none to lose. Militarily, President Ho Chi Minh can report successful guerilla activities, the defeat of two French offensives, a growing threat to the few cities precariously held by French troops and increasing resistance both in Cambodia and Laos. Politically, he can report the solidarity of his Government, and smile grimly at the peregrinations of Bao Dai and the antics of General Xuan, both of whom have demonstrated to their French masters their inability to win support. In contrast to the clumsy methods of the French, the Dutch have adopted more subtle methods behind a façade of constitutional quibbling. With the lamentable connivance of the United Kingdom and the United States representatives, the Dutch are manœuvring the United Nations Committee of Good Offices into an instrument for the subjugation of the Republic. They hope to present the world with a United States of Indonesia that is neither sovereign nor independent in any real sense, and to transfer "power" by January 1st, 1949, to their puppets.

New Zealand Revalues.

The decision of the New Zealand Government to put the New Zealand pound on a par once more with the pound sterling is a fresh indication of the strong position which is now enjoyed by primary producing countries in the world economy. Until the end of the present long-term bulk contracts, under which a large part of New Zealand's produce is sold to Britain, we shall continue to pay the same prices as before for New Zealand mutton and dairy produce. But New Zealand farmers, who will now receive 20 per cent. less for their produce in local currency, will almost certainly insist on an upward revision of prices in the contracts with Britain when they fall due for renewal. Meanwhile, the effect in New Zealand of the revaluation will be to cheapen the cost of imports and thus do something to redress the balance between the consumer and the primary producer. In spite of large imports of capital equipment, New Zealand has a favourable balance of trade and substantial oversea balances standing to her credit. With ample markets for her produce assured for a long time ahead, she can probably well afford to take this means of deflating internal prices without incurring at present any serious risk of upsetting her balance of foreign payments. The Australian Government has announced that it does not intend at present to follow the New Zealand example; but it seems likely that similar considerations will result in steps being taken gradually to restore the Australian pound to parity.

The Ordnance Factories

The Tory press has fastened eagerly on the finding of the Select Committee on Estimates that the Royal Ordnance Factories have failed to produce civilian goods at prices competitive with those of private manufacturers. The inference is promptly drawn that this is one more proof of the inefficiency of State-owned enterprise, and that all R.O.F.s other than those in which the maintenance of a nucleus staff is required on strictly military grounds should be closed down. In fact, nothing of the sort is proved. If production costs in R.O.F.s are high, it is because, in determining their use since 1945, the Government has never wholly excluded from its calculations the possibility of another war in the comparatively near future. Conditions of post-war shortage were such that the Government could not but make some productive use of this very considerable industrial potential; but none of the factories which were kept in partial production on civilian orders was efficiently retooled for the projected job. Production of the wide range of goods which have been manufactured—ceramics, chemicals, housing components and machinery—has been, for the most part, an affair of improvisation. Moreover, the goods produced have mostly been priority articles involving short, costly production runs. In addition, production costs are burdened with 75 per cent. of the assumed overheads of factories which are used productively on the average to the extent of barely 30 per cent. It is not surprising then that achievement of competitive prices should have proved unattainable. As matters stand, the whole policy relating to the R.O.F.s seems to need recasting. The cost of manning with skeleton staffs those which are essential for the supply of the Armed Forces at the "ceiling" fixed by the Cabinet should be a charge on the Defence Estimates. The remaining factories should not be closed down, but should be fully developed for production of civilian goods without the handicap of being required to retain machinery capable of being quickly reconverted to military uses.

The Church and the Atom

Crockford's Clerical Directory has produced a "justification" for Hiroshima and Nagasaki. In the preface to the 1948 edition, it alleges that the bombs were dropped because the Japanese threatened to massacre the Allied prisoners of war in their hands. It says: "The dilemma was perhaps the most awful which Christian men have ever had to face. The decision was made and the outcome proved successful." The "successful outcome" was the massacre of 130,000 men, women and children. Crockford is an authoritative publication, which carries great weight with the clergy. The anonymous preface is reputed to be written by a high Church dignitary. In his attempt to justify the unjustifiable, he has repeated an unfounded report. Both Sir James Grigg, who was War Minister at the time, and the U.S. State Department have denied this threat, which was supposed to have been made through a neutral Power. The approach which the Japanese Cabinet made through Moscow was for conditions of surrender. This was rejected at Potsdam by Truman and Churchill, and is interesting to the Christian conscience as showing that, two months before the atom bombs dropped, the Japanese were acknowledging defeat and contemplating surrender. The other historical fact which the clerics, who moralise on world politics, might consider is this. The Russians, who were told nothing about the atom bomb, agreed at Potsdam to march against Japan on August 9. The Americans dropped the first bomb on August 6 in what was claimed to be a last desperate effort to save millions of American and British lives. The Russians at that moment disposed of forces and material in decisive proportions against the Japanese continental armies. A further consideration is the repeated American claim that Hiroshima and Nagasaki were warned. Apart from the generalised "look-what's-coming-to-you" warning from Potsdam, 38 Japanese cities were specifically named and warned that they were open to the full weight of air attack. Hiroshima and Nagasaki were not among them. Crockford had better think again.

TRADE UNION CROSSROADS

Trade Unionism is in transition. The long fight for "recognition" is practically over, though echoes of the old battles are still heard and the field of action over which recognition is to extend has still to be broadened out, especially in the workshops and other places of employment. Collective bargaining, once regarded as a flying in the face of "economic laws," is now nearly universal, except for the higher managerial grades, and is supplemented and reinforced, rather than superseded, by the growing amount of State intervention in the fixing of wages and conditions of employment. In the higher ranges of economic policy-making, Trade Unionists are always present, even if they are admitted only in a consultative capacity. Employers no longer maintain against the Trade Unions, any more than they can against the Government, their exclusive right to manage their businesses in their own way, as the vice-gerents of the "unseen hand" that governs the conduct of economic affairs. To those who can look back as far as the years just before 1914, when the demand for "workers' control" was first making itself seriously heard, the change is immense. But it has also been gradual, and most men's memories do not go back nearly so far. Among the workers, only a small minority are conscious of how much has been achieved: to most, it seems rather that the only great change is that insecurity has been greatly diminished, both by the advent of full employment and by the extension of the social services.

Of these two changes, the latter is expected to last. Not so the former, which most workers still regard as highly precarious. Its continuance is felt to be uncertain even if a Labour Government remains in power—much more so should there be a reversion to Tory rule. Nor is this fear unreasonable; for, after all, the full employment which now exists is a product much less of deliberate planning than of a situation of manpower shortage arising out of the war-induced shortage of goods over most of the world. It has yet to be seen how successful *any* British Government would be in maintaining full employment in face of an American slump and of its contagious effects on the buying power of other countries.

This sense of uncertainty about the future is of high importance in affecting the attitude of Trade Unionists, and especially of that active minority among them which in practice dominates Trade Union thought. If full employment came to be regarded as the normal, if not the universal, situation, the practices of Trade Unionism would obviously be very much affected. The Unions would be much less concerned about their industrial bargaining strength. Instead of thinking mainly in terms of protection of their members' interests against wage-attacks or threats of dismissal, the Unions would be driven to devote much more of their attention to promoting higher output, as the sole means to a real improvement in their members' standard of life.

Confidence in the future being absent, no such result can come easily, or of itself. It is no doubt the case that, even if the maintenance of full employment is far from being assured, the prospects of its continuance will be greatly improved if the efficiency of production can be raised. But that argument, even if it be accepted, leaves the Trade Unions still under the necessity of building up their strength in view of possible conflicts when and if employers again see their chance of cutting wages, of dismissing "trouble-makers," and of going back on the concessions they have made in the field of joint consultation.

In this respect, there is not so much difference as many people suppose between socialised industries and those which remain under private ownership. To the common run of workers, the new Public Boards do not look so very different from big combines, such as Levers or I.C.I. The Boards are remote from the ordinary worker, and the representatives of management with whom he comes into direct contact are nearly all the same persons as before. Private industries aim at profit, the new Boards at "paying their way"; and the difference, as it appears to the worker on the job, is not great. Moreover, though the Boards, at national and regional level, may take the Trade Unions more into their confidence than the private employers ever did, and though they may try to diffuse the practice of joint consultation at the workplace level, it is not too easy either for managers to change the habits of a lifetime or for workers to take the "new spirit" in industry very seriously when they can see that most managers and subordinate officials look on it as a nuisance or as a pack of nonsense based on visionary "industrial democracy."

This year's Trades Union Congress meets at a time when two issues are uppermost in the world of industrial relations. These are the wages question and the question of workers' participation in industrial control and responsibility. On the wages issue the necessity for restraint in pressing for wage increases, accepted by the Trade Unions in face of last year's crisis, still obviously exists; but it is inevitably getting more difficult to maintain in face of the rise in prices and the continuing high level of business profits. It is a strange anomaly that the presence of a Labour Government in power, backed by greater Trade Union strength than has ever existed hitherto, should coincide with a situation in which high profits are more nearly assured than ever before, and in which the threat of bankruptcy has been removed from admittedly inefficient businesses. No doubt most firms have been prudent enough to respond to the Government's request for voluntary limitation of dividends; but what Sir Stafford Cripps has achieved is a stabilised distribution of profit incomes at a high level, not a reduction of profits. Faced with the fact of high profits and exceptional windfalls to inefficient capitalists, how long can the common run of Trade Unionists be expected to continue to acquiesce in the moderation of their leaders? Not long, we fancy, unless Sir Stafford can devise some better method of persuading them that he is really having a go at the profit-makers, as well as issuing exhortations to the workers to practise self-restraint.

If wage demands are pressed by reluctant leaders, driven on by rank-and-file opinion, the question of wage policy will be forced again to the front; for wage advances determined by differences of bargaining strength and militancy in the various industries, far from making the wage structure more rational, would be likely to distort it still more. This would force the hands of the Government and of the T.U.C. General Council, compelling them at last to address themselves to the problem of finding a new and more co-ordinated basis for wage adjustments, however reluctant they might be to confront the really colossal difficulties of such a task. For in no other way could the problems of the undermanned industries be prevented from being made worse by wage movements which would increase their relative disadvantage. We are not suggesting that, even in such a situation, a fully developed "national wages policy," such as theorists delight to devise, could emerge. But there would have to be some approach to it; and either the Government or the T.U.C., or more probably both, would have to assume much greater powers of intervention in the settling of wages and conditions.

On the other issue, that of "workers' control," the demands for direct Trade Union representation on the boards of socialised industries are not likely to be pressed; for there are strong Trade Union objections to the assumption at present of the kind of responsibility which they would involve. But there is likely to be growing pressure for a speeding-up of the development and of the effective use of joint consultation machinery in both socialised and privately run industries, including probably some power of compulsion on private employers who obstruct the creation, or block the working, of consultative agencies at the workplace level. There is also likely to be a good deal of complaint at the failure to achieve any substantial progress in the setting-up of Industrial Development Councils or similar bodies in the major non-socialised industries, and therewith a demand for the arming of such bodies with wider authority and for effective participation by the Government in their working.

These issues will probably not be finally settled at this year's Congress; nor is much likely to be done at present either to improve the structure of the Trade Union movement or to confer wider powers on the General Council. The mood of the Union leaders is still mainly one of doubt and hesitation; and so is the mood of the main body of active Trade Unionists. This mood, save under the impact of some fresh crisis, is not likely to change much in the next two years. So much depends on the result of the next General Election. If the Tories get back to power, Trade Unionism will resume its old defensive role, and will be much less ready to take any share of responsibility for seeing the nation through its troubles in partnership with a Government which it deeply mistrusts. On the other hand, if the Labour Party gets back to power, the psychological effect will be great: the Trade Unions will be much readier to adjust their policies and practices to the taking of a share in responsibility for the effective control of industry. Equally important will be the effect on the attitudes of managers, officials and foremen, who will no longer be able to think of the increased power of the worker as only a passing episode in the transition from war to peace, and will be more prepared to accept new fashions in human relations, and to learn the art of leading where they can no longer drive.

DISMANTLING—OR LOOT ?

Any August before the war the Black Forest and the Swabian Alps used to be full of British holiday makers who found the Swiss Alps—and prices—too high. Though the soil is thin and life has always been very hard, this part of Wuerttemberg is densely populated, the deep valleys dotted with exquisite walled towns, the mountains with romantic castles—Hohenzollern, Hohenstaufen, Siegmaringen, and our own Teck—and gaily painted villages, each with its own little factory for textiles, precision instruments and, above all, clock-making. Here, alone in all Germany, the industrial revolution had meant not the flight of impoverished peasants and labourers to the big cities, but the coming of small-scale industry to the towns and villages. So through generations a tradition of mechanical skill was developed in what is still a peasant people. The remote townlet of Tuttlingen dominates the world market for surgical instruments, Schamburg for cuckoo-clocks, Schwenningen competes with Switzerland in high-class watches, while another village specialises in mouth-organs. With the division of labour, village factories may now make only a single part of a watch, or produce only the exquisite machine tools required for their production. Though it is a decentralised industry, it is also highly integrated.

To-day Wuerttemberg is split between the French and Americans. The Americans sit in Stuttgart, which has made a better recovery than any other German city I have seen; the French in Tuebingen, untouched by bombs and now the capital of Wuerttemberg-Hohenzollern, a tiny *Land,* which contains most of the German scientific instrument and clock industry now that Pforzheim has been annihilated by air bombardment. Last week-end I motored through it from end to end, talking with French Control staff—who could not have been more courteous—German Ministers and civil servants, and the people in the factories. I have seldom felt so miserable. The Annual Report of the British Clock and Watch Manufacturers' Association had been reprinted in hundreds of photostatic copies. Everyone knew that Mr. Barrett, of Smith's English

Clocks, had boasted that his personal intervention had reduced the permitted level of the German clock industry from the 72 per cent. agreed by the Allied Control Commission to 50 per cent.; and that the Association had found it "pleasing" to record this achievement of a breathing-space for the newly founded British clock industry.

I wonder whether Mr. Barrett would have talked in the same way if he had been with me last Sunday in Muehlheim. This little village hangs over the Upper Danube; the land is so poor that, of its 1,500 inhabitants, only 150 still have peasant plots. The rest work in the single clock factory, where cheap "alarms" are made. The order has now come to cease production and prepare for total dismantling. I walked through the workshops with the chairman of the Workers' Council and the Burgomaster. Every machine has its red dismantling number painted on it, including the lift, the air-cleaning plant, the kitchen stove and an old hand-vice. Any day now, French soldiers will come, and the workers will be ordered to dismantle their own machines. If they refuse, they will be tried by court martial.

We motored on to Gosheim, a remote hamlet on the Heuberg, a bare upland which forms the watershed from which the rivers flow down westwards into the Atlantic and eastwards into the Black Sea. Here, out of 1,100 inhabitants, 500 work in three small factories, making parts of watches in primitive back yards. Most of the machines are old, but the wood-workers are already making the packing cases in which they will be moved—heaven knows where, since they can only be used as scrap. While we were inside, the village street had slowly filled with men, women and children in their Sunday best. It was getting dark, and they stood there in sullen silence. I could hardly see their faces, but I have never felt such hatred.

Of course, there is an explanation. Clockmaking was not an important war industry in 1914, but now, with time bombs and clockwork fuses, it is rightly classed by the Joint Allied Reparations officials in Brussels as a "dangerous industry." Britain cannot afford to be dependent, as she was in 1939, on the import of clocks and watches; and it was understandable that we, as well as the French, should have decided to build up our own industry. Indeed, as long ago as October, 1945, Sir Stafford Cripps, in moving a Supplementary Estimate, announced that it had been decided to spend £1,000,000 on plant for the British industry, and that the Government would give a grant in aid. It is also true that the Wuerttemberg scientific instrument industry—including clocks—despite its most inconvenient geographical position and high freight charges—was largely expanded for war purposes before 1939. It was perfectly reasonable, therefore, that it should be reduced by dismantling to 72 per cent. of its pre-war level, as J.A.R.A. decreed. Finally, it was understandable, if not excusable, that the French should have accepted Mr. Barrett's view that, although the level for the whole scientific instrument industry was 72 per cent., the level for the clock industry in particular should be 50 per cent. Each occupation authority is entitled to allocate the proportion of plant to be dismantled in the various branches of any "dangerous industry" as it thinks fit. So the French decided that clocks should suffer more in their Zone than other precision instruments, and Mr Barrett claims that, in coming to this decision, they were influenced by his powers of persuasion. Who can dispute his word? But, if he really did play a part, it was in Paris, since the decision was French and not inter-Allied.

In any case, the effect in Germany has been immense. To understand the mood of sullen desperation which produced the resignation of the Wuerttemberg Government and a one-day general strike ten days ago, we must appreciate the background of French occupation. This new bout of dismantling is the culmination of a systematic stripping of the country, scarcely surpassed in the Russian Zone. To start with mere money, I was told in Tuebingen that, out of a total revenue of 730 million marks, 490 million this year will be paid to the French in occupation costs and other charges. The *Land* should have a food surplus, but even to-day the people get less food than in any other part of Western Germany. This year, with deliveries to the French much less than ever before, figures for the first quarter show that 32 per cent. of the meat, 25 per cent. of cheese, 94 per cent. of vegetables, 14 per cent. of eggs, and 12 per cent. of potatoes were handed over to the French. The Army—and its vast retinue of camp-followers, who have doubled the population of Baden Baden—still live off the country, and the French soldier's ration of meat for one day is larger than the German ration for a whole week.

Then there is what the French politely call the "de-blocking" of machinery. When the war ended, it was calculated that the *Land* contained 83,000 machines of all types. In 1946 some 20,000, including a high proportion of the modern ones, were removed to France by the unilateral action of the French Ministry of Production. In 1947, J.A.R.A., which was not informed of the "de-blocking," decreed, as part of the combined Allied reparations policy, that another 3,400 should be dismantled and removed. By the latest dismantling order, which is now being carried out, 8,205 more machines will be removed. In the particular case of the clock industry, productive capacity will by then have been reduced to about 35 per cent. of the 1936 level. This figure, provided by the Germans, was confirmed to me by a leading American expert in Stuttgart. He emphasised that you cannot discover the productive capacity merely by asking what percentage of the machines are still left in the country, since capacity depends less on number than on quality. The removal of even a few of the modern Swiss machines, unobtainable anywhere else, and the destruction of half a dozen small factories making special parts and machine tools, is all that is necessary to cripple the industry. This is what has happened. If the British manufacturers wanted a breathing space, they have certainly got one.

The position has been rendered still worse by the commercial agreement which the French persuaded the Wuerttemberg Government to sign in 1946 in the hope that thereby the total dismantling of the smaller plants could be avoided. Under this agreement, 20 per cent. of clock production is reserved for the German market, 40 per cent. goes in German exports, and 40 per cent. is delivered to France for French sale on world markets. These German products are made now with French markings; and two invoices are prepared, one with the real price and the other left blank for the French to fill in as they wish.

This agreement produced a desperate shortage of clocks in West Germany. So what happened? The Bizonal authorities started clock-manufacture elsewhere. We now permit a level of production in Bizonia for "scientific instruments" 38 per cent. *above* the 1936 level, and factories in Nurnberg and Munich, which never manufactured clocks before, are now turning them out. Three new factories have also been started in the British Zone. Finally, the Americans are trying to revive the Pforzheim industry and, I am told, intend to import 360,000 watch movements for this purpose. So, while the old, traditional Wuerttemberg clock industry is being ruined by the French with the co-operation of a British trade association, a new German clock industry is being built a few miles away in Bizonia.

Even more remarkable is the distribution of the burden of dismantling between small and large firms. The war potential in Wuerttemberg is to be found in big firms like Junghans and Kiesle. But they are only to be dismantled 50 per cent., whereas many of the smaller firms in the villages are being totally dismantled. French officials, as well as German trade unionists, told me that they were fairly sure that this decision, which produces the smallest reduction of war potential at the cost of maximum social suffering, was the result of collusion between the bigger German firms and Paris. I could not prove this, but it was difficult to find any other explanation.

What makes the whole affair seem even more tragically senseless is the Allied plan for making Western Germany pay its way by sharply increasing its exports. With German steel capacity so low, this can only be achieved by concentrating on products which have a high labour and a low raw material content. Scientific instruments and, particularly, clocks exactly fulfil this demand. This no doubt explains the Anglo-American decision to revive Pforzheim, and to permit in Bizonia a level for machine tools of 83 per cent, whereas the French in Wuerttemberg have decided to demolish every machine tool factory.

Two comments occurred to me as I flew back from Frankfurt to London. Within a few months we all hope that Trizonia will become an accomplished fact. No longer will there be one economic policy for the Anglo-American and another for the French Zone. We shall have to integrate into Bizonia the three *Laender* now under French occupation. This means that the British and American taxpayer will spend millions on relieving the distress in an area which has been systematically stripped and exploited for three years. If Mr. Barrett was indeed instrumental in persuading the French to cripple the Wuerttemberg clock industry, he must also take credit for helping to increase the cost to the British and American taxpayer of repairing the damage.

My second comment is this: Dismantling is anyway a clumsy method of reducing Germany's war potential. When it is carried out with the methods used in Wuerttemberg, it becomes indistinguishable from looting. The Swabians are a tough people, and, however many machines are taken away, we cannot destroy their skill. All we can do is to make them hate us and everything associated with us. The French succeeded in this long ago; now Mr. Barrett has diverted some of the hatred to this country. But to what purpose? I am convinced that, in the not very long run, they will rebuild their industry; and, because their standard of living has been deliberately driven down, they will compete all the more ferociously on the world market. As an elderly trade unionist said to me: "You are compelling us to accept any conditions of sweated labour which the employers propose, and I warn you we shall do so, beeause we have no alternative."

Of course, it would be possible for Generals Clay, Robertson and Koenig to suspend the dismantling, which starts next week in Wuerttemberg, and to revise the lists. But, in the sort of world we have to-day, I have little hope that anything so sensible—and so humane—can be done.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

THE SCOOP GOES WEST

JOURNALISM, like the other institutions and trades in our evolving society, is losing, to a considerable extent, its competitive character. Circulations are "pegged," owing to newsprint shortage; the specialist correspondents of the various newspapers tend increasingly to form themselves into close, co-operative groups, working *vis-à-vis* the public relations and press officers of the respective Government departments; in some wartime situations, and on other occasions, the entire press of a country may be represented by, say, one agency and one "national" reporter. The tradition of the scoop, indeed, may soon be completely obsolete.

It is only a few years since that tradition was in its prime. It is only a few years since an elderly journalist, news-gathering regularly on his bicycle in the remoter villages of a southern county and sending the items back to his office by homing pigeon, came on the scoop of his life—a murder. Hurriedly, he scribbled the details. He had one pigeon left in his basket, and there should be just time to catch the edition. He folded the message—and, as he made haste to attach it to the restless pigeon, his hand trembled so violently that he broke the pigeon's leg.

Had this journalist been practising at the present time, and had he successfully got the news through to his office, he might have been in serious danger, not, as in the old days, of receiving a handsome bonus and seeing himself credited with the authorship of a front-page story, but of police prosecution. On May 26th last a Yorkshire journalist, Mr. J. C. Atkinson, was convicted at Driffield of two offences under the Official Secrets Act of 1911, the essence of his offences being that he was in unauthorised or premature possession of information about incidents which the police had been, or had been supposed to be, investigating. The incidents were, first, an assault on a girl, and, secondly, an imaginary further assault or murder with the news of which Mr. Atkinson and a telephone operator (who was alleged to have passed the information to him) were "framed." Mr. Atkinson pleaded not guilty, but was fined £5 in each case.

It is, of course, "important," as the Solicitor-General said when this case was raised in Parliament, "that the police should not be hampered in their criminal investigations by disclosure of information"; and it would be improper to comment on the actual proceedings in the court. The use for such a purpose of the Official Secrets Act, however, provokes speculation on future relations between the Executive and the Press.

The use of the Act on this occasion alarmed a number of newspapers. The *Manchester Guardian* remarked: "Journalists are peculiarly vulnerable to the Official Secrets Act, not because they make a habit of leading public officials into indiscretions, but because—unlike the spy or the ordinary citizen—they make public in print what they know and sometimes (in error) what would best go unrecorded." It added, tartly: "The Attorney-General should not let it happen again; it is not necessary to kill a field mouse with a field gun." The *Bridlington Free Press* asked "what layman could reasonably know that the Official Secrets Act covered the activities of a country policeman investigating a common assault."

The Attorney-General was able to establish beyond doubt, when questioned in the House during an Adjournment debate (on June 24th) that such activities were formally so covered. The Act refers in general and sweeping terms to information disclosed "by any person holding office under His Majesty" (with variations designed to make this definition as comprehensive as possible). Sir Hartley Shawcross did at least give the assurance that "we do not initiate proceedings in these cases too lightly"; but, since the purpose of such a prosecution is to safeguard the public interest, which may be prejudiced by publication of the information (rather than by its preliminary disclosure to the journalist), the distinction between information obtained directly from a public servant and information chanced on otherwise (which, the authorities might always argue, "could only have been" obtained originally from a public servant) seems relatively slight.

In the past it had been supposed generally, among journalists and the public, that the Official Secrets Act was exclusively or almost exclusively, a weapon against espionage. From the time of the first Act, in 1889, that had been its sinister background and "atmosphere." The third Act, in 1920, amended the Act of 1911 because—and only because—as the Attorney-General of the time, Sir Gordon Hewart, said in introducing it: "Unfortunately, one of the things which increase and develop in an imperfect world is the ingenuity of spies. . ." In the course of the debates on the Act, he also specifically repudiated the suggestion that it was aimed at the Press.

However, such retrospection is academic. It is now clear that the Government of the day, whatever its colour, has at its command an instrument for preventing the publication of inconvenient facts or surmises about its administration. The assurance that the present Government will use this instrument rarely is less important than the fact that it is there to be used, and that every journalist will be aware of its existence. The test is to be whether disclosure of information is "contrary to the public interest." Those words can be interpreted more or less narrowly, as Governments choose.

The effect on current and future journalistic practice of the precedent set most conspicuously by the Driffield case may be considerable; for—quite apart from the merits of that case—many local journalists do in fact regularly, without any conscious breach of ethics or of etiquette, do pretty much what Mr. Atkinson was fined for having done. It has generally been regarded as an essential part of the normal routine of the journalist in a small country town—who probably represents a county newspaper full-time and also does occasional coverage for one or more national newspapers—to keep closely in touch with everything that is going on in the public life of the town and, to some extent, in the private lives of its more important citizens. Often he cannot publish all he knows: almost always his discretion can be relied on.

The small town is a microcosm of the big world: when the fire-alarm goes and someone at the fire station says, "Give old Blank at the *Courier* a buzz" (or if, as may more often happen, old Blank rings up or calls in from time to time to find out if anything is doing), the contact maintained is not essentially different from that between the diplomatic correspondent of a national newspaper and the news division of the Foreign Office. There are, indeed, formal distinctions to be drawn: the P.R.O. is the official channel of news (and, in the Driffield case, there was the alleged disclosure by a telephone operator); but the P.R.O., knowing that he can trust the journalist, will constantly provide him, off the record, with data which it would be contrary to the public interest to print. The common sense of officials and journalists alike makes this loosely knit system work, on the whole, satisfactorily.

Journalists are now faced by two somewhat disturbing considerations. The first is that though employees of the board or corporation of a nationalised industry may not be persons "holding office under His Majesty" within the meaning of the Act (or may they?), the inevitable extension of public ownership and control of industry must widen steadily the scope of "public interest." The Attorney-General, in the debate of June 24th, said that it was impossible to define exactly the limits of this phrase. He quoted, as an example of information that should not have been divulged, information "in regard to Government contracts"; and most people would agree with him on that. But might it not be thought equally undesirable that information should be divulged in regard to, say, the date on which the Transport Commission was proposing to take over certain private transport undertakings? And, if so, what knowledge of official intentions or activities is it really safe for a journalist to publish, apart from what is released officially by the P.R.O.?

The second serious development now in prospect, therefore, is that the scope for individual journalistic enterprise and investigation may become so closely restricted that newspapers will perforce rely for news, and for its "interpretation," more and more on official hand-outs. If it is unsafe to print (or to know) any news about the activities of the Executive other than news that has been officially "okayed," a substantial and probably increasing section of every newspaper will have been effectively *gleichgeschaltet*. This implies an influence on policy as well as on news-selection which could be extremely dangerous; for official hand-outs are not necessarily factual and objective. (Consider some of those issued in Berlin recently, and the measures taken in Germany to prevent Control Commission officials from talking too freely to correspondents.)

We are moving far indeed, and rapidly, from the journalistic era in which the most reputable newspaper in the land could be proud of scooping the world on the text of a treaty. Some such movement may be inevitable; but we should see clearly where we are going. TOM DRIBERG

A LONDON DIARY

I HAVE had several inquiries about my remarks some weeks back on the subject of oil economy. As readers may recall, I described how, during the war, the O.P.A. in Washington put out a press release advising motorists that it was unnecessary to change the oil in their engines every thousand miles as the oil companies—for obvious reasons—advised them to do; and how Professor Brady, who had been responsible for the investigation, was denounced as a Communist, dismissed from his post in the O.P.A. and subsequently vindicated. My correspondents, one of whom himself runs a fleet of lorries, want to know more about the evidence that such economies can be introduced without serious damage to the engine. The point has been difficult to follow up, since those who know most are willing to say least, but I have unearthed the following facts. The research, on which the O.P.A. based its advice, was made in secret in the laboratories of one of the biggest American oil companies. Similar conclusions had been reached independently by the Studebaker Company—of which by the way Mr. Paul Hoffman is the President — but after some years they decided not to advertise them to their customers. The American Telephone & Telegraph Company and Sears & Roebuck, which both run huge fleets of lorries and motor cars, have instituted the economy long ago. The A.T. & T., indeed, have a rule that their lorries and cars should change oil every 7,500 miles, provided that they are equipped with oil filters and do not travel much of the distance on very dusty roads. Even more amusing, the Union Oil Company—which is an "independent"—has claimed since the war that it has made the discovery that its particular brand of oil need only be changed "seasonally." All this seems to show that, despite the smaller size and higher rate of revolution of British engines, thousands of tons of oil could be saved over here if car and lorry owners could be told the *maximum* mileage which can be safely done without changing oil.

* * *

The article by Andrew Roth which is published in this issue gives, I should say, a very fair picture of the situation on a Malay plantation where the managers and the workers are both living in fear of each other and of attack from outside. Mr. Roth refers in passing to John Brazier, who is known, he tells us, as "battling Jack," perhaps because he is fighting a war on two fronts. The story certainly illustrates the dilemma of a British Socialist in a war between British colonials defending their property and Communists using terrorist tactics. Brazier is a Cockney, educated at Ruskin College, Oxford. He has been an N.U.R. organiser, a magistrate and Borough Councillor in the Isle of Wight and a member of the Colonial Bureau of the Fabian Society. He was decorated during the war for his part in civilian defence in Southern England. He was sent to Malaya for the first time in October, 1945, to act as a labour officer on the railways. He was one of the few Labour men among the Whites in Malaya. He found the Unions were mainly led by Chinese Communists, which was natural, since they had led the resistance to Japan. They showed their strength among the workers on the estates and in the mines and docks by a very complete strike. Brazier was against putting down a strike with machine-guns. But he was anti-Communist as well as anti-imperialist, and he held that in the confused conditions of Malaya, with no indigenous government able to take over, the right procedure was first to build non-political unions, to look after the economic interests of the workers instead of trying to seize power. He got into trouble with both sides. He was criticised by Labour M.P.s in the House of Commons because he agreed to the suppression of a political strike by Japanese P.o.W.s and was responsible for supporting regulations so amending the Labour Ordinance that recognised Trade Unions could not spend money on political propaganda or belong to a Federation which included those that were controlled by Communists. He also got into trouble with local Blimps, and, according to one report, nearly got sent home for hitting one of them who resented his support of estate workers in a dispute with their managers.

* * *

Bryanstown, in its lovely Dorset setting of down and river, is the youngest of our public schools, being, in fact, only 20 years old. Its founder sought to combine the virtues of the old type of public and the new type of "progressive" school, softening the asperities and mitigating the philistinism of the former and eschewing the educational whimsies and extravagances of the latter. A friend who has been staying there writes that he thinks its founder's purpose is being achieved with considerable success. This month it is the scene for a musical summer school, the first of its kind. Those who attend listen to concerts and recitals by well-known performers and have provided for them complementary lectures, seminaries and courses of study. Each week these are focused on one or more special subjects, such as "the art of listening," Purcell and the Seventeenth Century, or, during last week, Schubert's Song Cycles and the music of Paul Hindemith with Hindemith himself present to instruct students in the art of composition and deliver semi-philosophical discourses on music in general and his own music in particular. There are free places for some students, eight for German students and reduced fees for others, who engage in independent activities on their own, forming composition groups, singing groups—the last under the direction of Imogen Holst—and Chamber music groups. My friend, who has been a great summer school fan, tells me that this is the most active, eager and exhausting summer school he had ever attended.

* * *

Students of propaganda will want to keep on their files this neat little example of *Daily Express* technique. On August 12 the *Daily Express* dealt editorially with the Committee of Public Accounts Second Report. It said:

> The Committee suggests that in future an appendix is added to the Central Office of Information vote showing all the other ways in which public money is spent *on boosting the Government.* (My italics.)
>
> Splendid—if this can help to reduce and bring to an end all such patent waste of money.

The passage from paragraph 27 of the Second Report from the Committee of Public Accounts to which this apparently refers runs as follows:

> Your Committee trusts that constant attention will be directed towards ensuring that expenditure upon information services is incurred as economically as is possible, consistent with the efficiency and progressive conduct of the service. They also consider it desirable that an appendix should be attached to future estimates under the vote for the Central Office of Information, showing the total expenditure provided for *information services.* (My italics.)

A delicious bit of free translation isn't it? The national job of the C.O.I. becomes "boosting the Government"—which is much as if one wrote attacking the Service Estimates on the ground that we ought not to waste public money defending the Government.

* * *

He greeted me cheerily over the hedge. He had a long-handled brush and he was tarring the barn next door. Yes, there was nothing like tar, and my shed could do with a coat, too. The trouble with his job was that tar was such awkward stuff to get on you. His boiler suit was stiff with tar and the big holes showed where it ate through. And look at his arms, all black and blistered. Perhaps the blisters came from getting the tar off with paraffin. His gum boots were rotting with the stuff, too. It even went through his shirts. Not many people would do the job. It was dangerous. He was alone now because both his mates were in hospital with tar in the eyes. Insurance companies wouldn't do anything for him. If he had an accident it was his own funeral. So he got all the jobs round here. He made about £20 a week, but what with brushes, a lorry and all his clothes destroyed with tar, he has a lot of expenses to meet. Yes, he'd like some coffee and bread and cheese. We sat in the garden and he went on talking. He had driven a tank at Alamein and Tobruk and been in the big retreat when they had "only twenty-three tanks," and got stuck in the sand for days, too. He didn't want any more war. He didn't think Hitler was dead; more likely he was in Japan. One of the nurses in the hospital was like a sister to him. It was in hospital that he had learnt to make wax and paper flowers. He did them nowadays at odd times and took them on a barrow to Petticoat Lane. You couldn't tell the difference between them and real ones, and they all sold out in half an hour. Yes, if I had an old pair of gardening trousers they'd come in handy. But there was one other thing he would like, if we didn't mind. Could he have some lavender? We picked him a bunch and he went off whistling and telling me how nice the fence looked where he'd tarred it. He seemed a singularly happy man. I think the reason was that he was "on his own."

CRITIC

QUIET FLOWS THE DANUBE

No one gave Russia a place on the Danube
 When the Versailles Commission the Danube controlled,
With a close corporation to rule navigation
 They left half Danubia out in the cold.

No one took steps to keep peace on the Danube,
 Apart from maintaining the old *status quo;*
The Versailles decision precluded revision,
 So half of Danubia turned to the foe.

No one decried Russia's role on the Danube
 When the Wehrmacht before the Red Army had fled;
All watched her deliver Danubia's river—
 But nobody noticed the Danube turn red.

No one grudged Russia her place on the Danube
 When the Danube Commission resumed its regime,
Nor guessed her intention to break the Convention
 By making the Danube a Soviet stream.

No one resigned from his seat on the Danube,
 The three Western Powers lashed their flag to the mast,
But the Danube riparians had turned proletarians
 And the Danube went back to Danubians at last.

Now Russia gives no one a place on the Danube,
 Though the defunct Commission will never agree,
But the West has no place in the lost Danube basin
 While the red Danube flows to the Soviet sea.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

A civic butler for the lord mayor is being sought by Birmingham, which is advertising the job at £8 10s a week, rising to £9 10s.

Alderman Burman, Tory lord mayor, said: "At present if the lord mayor wants to give someone a glass of sherry he has to pour it out himself."—*Daily Express.* (M. J. D. Sayer.)

Rejecting a suggestion by Salcombe (pop. 2,384), Devon, that the village should be included in their urban district, 19 people of East Portlemouth (Pop. 287) wrote to their own council at Kingsbridge:

"The Salcombe application seems to resemble Hitler's claim to 'Lebensraum.'" So East Portlemouth will not be absorbed.—*Daily Herald.* (A. Richardson.)

The appearance of the Chiddingfold and Leconfield foxhounds naturally was enormously popular, though their sweeter music was unfortunately drowned by the Royal Marines band, who, apart from this, rendered a pleasant afternoon more enjoyable.—*The Times.* (R. Campbell.)

YUGOSLAV TRAGEDY

(*By a Correspondent.*)

HILARY MINC, who runs economic planning in Poland, characterised what is about to happen in the whole area of "people's democracy" when he wrote lately in the Cominform journal—with an eye clearly cocked on Yugoslavia—that "the worker-peasant alliance will now be directed against the capitalist elements not only in the towns but also in the countryside." In Poland and neighbouring countries the Communists are turning to the task of socialising agriculture through the development of large-scale co-operative farming. They have taken industry into their hands; now it is the turn of the peasants. Along with this they are busy purging their parties of the numerous "band-wagoners" whose membership—and Marxist convictions—date only from the famous days of liberation.

Except in Yugoslavia. Here there is also a purge, but of a different kind. The "corrupt and careerist elements, deserters of low morale" who have sided with the Cominform against Tito and his partners are being purged, true enough—and no doubt are being thrust, when they can be caught, into durance vile. So much is clear, but little more. For the outline of this plot, true to Yugoslavia, is tortuous and difficult to follow; the characters seem to have got their parts mixed up, and the unexpected continues to happen.

When the Cominform launched its first public thunderbolt, it was thought that opposition to Tito within the Yugoslav regime must be strong. But no; the machinery of government and party seemed unshaken. Even after the first surprise had worn off, it was still surprising that Kardelj should have been one of those denounced. Was he not a staunch and temperate party man, a careful Stalinist? Not so Rankovich and Djilas—the one a tough soldier, splendid in war but possibly dangerous in peace; the other a man of bile and bitterness who might jump to any extreme. These apart, the surprises continued. Pjade was for Tito; so was Kidrich; so were others whose attitude might well have been different.

But what about the generals? Would those brilliant few who fought in Spain, and then, after a weary Odyssey in French and German captivity, had escaped to Yugoslavia in time to lead the insurrections of 1941 and 1942, take all this lying down? Would they submit to seeing their country cut off from "the family of Communist parties"? Here came another surprise. The generals who tried to escape into Rumania last week were not among these few. Not Kocha Popovich, freethinker, poet, and brilliant tactician; not Kosta Nadj, who had won undying fame in the early battles in Western Bosnia; not Lekich, commander of the glorious first proletarian brigade . . . but Arso Jovanovich, the unexpected once again.

Of the three officers who made a dash for Rumania last week (General Petrichevich was captured and Colonel Dabchevich succeeded), the one who was killed, Colonel-General Jovanovich, was well known to the British during the war. His thin and flinty features presided over many a difficult liaison conference. He seemed brave, industrious, painstaking rather than brilliant. Beside the easier manners and occasional flamboyance of Tito, this chief of staff looked like a kill-joy. He seldom delivered himself of political judgments, and seemed to have no Communist background; on the other hand, he appeared completely devoted to Tito and the partisan cause. It is difficult to picture him as "a deserter of low morale."

If it would be wrong to read too much into Jovanovich's defection, and to see in him a great political leader *manqué*, it would be equally wrong to read too little. His flight speaks volumes for the feeling among the higher ranks of the army. There is plenty of quiet evidence that the opposition to the regime is both widespread and willing to organise itself. Tito has already invited the Party to be "merciless with all deviationists," and had told the army that the minority must be silent now that the majority had eclared its will. Two junior officers in flight to Hungary "because the army was being purged" ave suggested what this may mean. In the poli-ical field, Ministers have been turned out of ffice in the republics of Montenegro and Bosnia-Hercegovina for supporting the Cominform. The arty congress, of course, applauded Tito; but hat this applause was wörth may be measured y the fact that one of the escapers, General Petrichevich, had attended the Congress as a elegate. Under the watchful eyes of Rankovich's etectives, how many others like Petrichevich at among that applauding crowd?

It looks as if the hunt were up. Nor, really, oes the regime have any choice but to use its olicemen freely. Its position is acutely difficult, nd in the end impossible, because it rests upon ersuading the solidly pro-Soviet mass of the arty and the people that the Cominform dispute oes not affect Yugoslav relations with the Soviet Union—while at the same time suppressing every-ne who says and thinks that it does. As the ispute grows sharper, the wiser and older heads ill withdraw, or be thrust out. More and more, Tito will have to rely on the youthful enthusiasts ho supplied the brawn of the Partisan army. Mistakes of exaggeration and misplaced zeal will nultiply. The chances of achieving economic tability will diminish. The "planned advance o Socialism" in the way Minc suggested will be et aside. The Yugoslav Communist party will e purged not of, but by, its "half-baked" nembership.

The indefinite postponement of Socialism might atter little to the Yugoslavs, of whom only a iny minority could be said to have Socialist con-ictions, if it were not for the fact of police dic-atorship. Yet it is precisely this that Tito cannot, s far as one can see, avoid. The incidents will row in number, the arrests will continue, and esentment will bank up until one day, and no oubt when least expected (for that would only be n character) the explosion will come. What is agic for Yugoslavia is that, even if civil war an be averted, oppression of one kind or another ill have to continue. The broad movement of e Yugoslav peoples towards democracy seems mporarily and perhaps fatally interrupted. For his is a country where rebels are heroes—from Kraljevich Marko and Karageorge to Sima holaja and Sava Kovachevich—and go down ghting. This is a country where things do not nd with a whimper.

THE COUNCIL HOUSE RENT

(*By a Correspondent*)

THE refusal of the Minister of Health to increase ither the nationally or locally financed subsidies r post-war dwellings built under the 1946 Housing Act has left the problem of costs and nts, long neglected under the pressing need to rovide homes, exactly where it was. Indeed, creased subsidies would have served only to ccentuate the present unbalanced economy of ousing finance—a situation which, with the mag-itude of municipal programmes, will inevitably eteriorate unless there is a radical change in resent trends, particularly in building costs. Mr. Bevan appears indifferent to this aspect of uilding; and, despite representations from dozens f local authorities, he has "passed the buck" ack to them. Clearly he hopes they will find heir own solution. Some of them are trying hard o do so. Lambeth has devised a scheme whereby enants will pay not more than a fifth of the amily income on new lettings; others have dopted a policy of pooling rents of pre-war and ost-war housing estates, thus spreading the creased costs.

The fact is that, despite the £22 a year subsidy r each post-war house (£16 10s. from the xchequer and £5 10s. from the rates), an in-reasing number of local authorities are finding at they can no longer build houses to let at a nt within the means of many of the people on their waiting lists. The more go-ahead authorities who have undertaken ambitious schemes are in the worst position. The building of big estates, sometimes several at once, involves heavy borrowing to meet capital expenditure. To meet this the Government provides long-term loans at 2½ per cent. The Treasury, having regard to the low figure at which long-term loans can be raised, put a stop to short-term borrowing in 1947. But the magnitude of the housing schemes, taken in conjunction with their slow progress, is such that interest charges are likely to reach a very high figure for the country as a whole. It is apt to be overlooked that interest charges arise on capital expenditure from the time of borrowing, whereas rent income does not accrue until the houses are occupied. The slow rate of building—houses often take from 12 to 18 months to complete—means there is frequently a long period without income.

The two main aspects of the problem are interrelated. On the one hand, there is the great number of council houses planned for the next ten years; on the other, there is the steep increase in building costs and the resultant rise in rents. If the present policy of subsidisation continues—and many are pressing for it to be extended—there will be a steadily increasing number of houses occupied by people not paying the economic rent. Close neighbours of the subsidised tenants will be people paying the full economic rent or the full purchase price of privately built houses, some of which compare unfavourably with the new, high-standard council houses. Housing subsidies cannot be regarded in the same light as food subsidies; for, while all benefit from the latter, the advantages of the former are confined to a privileged, lucky section of tenants. In some areas rents are reaching, and passing, the £2 mark. The result is that young married couples, especially those with families, are being forced to refuse new council house accommodation. Others, in higher income groups, or with several wage earners in the family, move in. Some of these tenants are well able to pay the full economic rent, but they are not asked to do so, and the pockets of tax-payers and rate-payers are raided for their benefit.

One solution of this aspect of the problem would be to charge the economic rent and grant subsidies according to need on declaration of income. Such a suggestion would inevitably raise indignant cries of "Means Test." But the days when council houses were inhabited only by "the poor" are gone; indeed, in many areas, even with the subsidies, only the better off can afford the new rents. Why then not grade subsidies, as Lambeth proposes to do, according to means? The artisan's family with adult children and a total income of, say, £12 a week may be grateful for a subsidy of £22 a year; but the milkman, the lower-grade civil servant, even the doctor can hardly be expected to relish paying it if they have no share in the benefit.

Increasing building costs are directly responsible for the rising rent. Here is the crux of the problem. Is there a solution? In many cases a heavy contributory factor is that building work is extending over a long period. Thus cost of supervision, related to time rather than to extent of work, is adding to capital cost; there is more opportunity for prices to rise during construction; and finally, the longer the period of construction, the greater the interest charges on borrowed capital with no off-set from rent income. In some cases the cost per house has risen by as much as £160 while the house is being built. The difference between building costs in one estate just completed in an outer London borough and those in one now being built in the same borough is £323. The increase has occurred in roughly one year.

Already the question arises: "Will there be tenants for these high-rented houses in ten or fifteen years' time?" In their enthusiasm for maximum construction, some councils are in danger of losing sight of the heavy commitments with which they are burdening the future.

MALAYA'S RULE OF FEAR

THE double-barrelled rule of fear, which reigns over manager and worker on Malaya's rubber estates, was made very clear to me when I visited Brooklands estate, which is just two hours from Kuala Lumpur. On the way we were stopped twice by Malay and Sikh police, who examine cars for arms and frisk the Chinese passengers in buses for concealed weapons. The road seemed peaceful, but it was impossible to tell what was hidden behind the dense tangle of trees lining it.

Just after we caught sight of the manager's comfortable-looking house, our car was held up by a road-block manned by two armed but inept-looking Malay guards. In the office we found three British members of the managerial staff, all with rifles within easy reach. The manager, a middle-aged, worried-looking man, who seemed to perspire more than the temperature warranted, said that there hadn't been any attacks closer than twenty miles, but it was impossible to tell which estate managers would be the next targets of the armed Communists, who threaten to evict every Briton from Malaya.

To protect Brooklands, an estate spread over six thousand acres and producing three million pounds of rubber yearly, the manager had hired twelve Malay guards; but he admitted that only one was trained and that there weren't yet enough rifles to go around. The 1,250 labourers, almost all of them South Indian Tamils, were quiet, he said; but Brooklands had lost $50,000 (Straits) as a result of a two-week strike in May over "stupid things like spot-marking," a job which tappers had long done without pay, but for which they had been demanding payment since the war. "We get half the work done and pay three times as much as before the war," he complained. Before the war rubber tappers had earned 50 cents (1s. 2d.) a day, plus rudimentary housing and social services. To-day, with rice eight times its pre-war price—it has been as much as sixteen times as high—male tappers get Straits $1.45 (3s. 4d.).

Like most managers, he protested that his workers had been "put up to that sort of thing by agitators from outside." It was the arrest of one of these "outside agitators" that had brought us to Brooklands. I had been discussing the labour situation with John Brazier, the Federation's Trade Union Adviser, when three timid Tamils from this district had entered his office in Kuala Lumpur to ask for his help in reconstituting their union. It had been disrupted by the arrest under the Emergency Regulations of K. K. Kurup, the president of the Kuala Langhat Rubberworkers' Union. He was not charged with being a "terrorist"; but under the Emergency Regulations it is possible to hold a man for two years without disclosing any reason.

Brazier, a British Socialist and ex-locomotive engineer, whose main task it has been to break the hold of the Communists on the Labour movement and establish non-Communist, non-political unions, felt that the rubberworkers were well rid of Kurup, an active sub-leader of the Communist-led Pan-Malayan Federation of Trade Unions. Kurup, he pointed out, had been convicted of intimidation, trespass and breach of the peace—customary charges against most of the Left-wing Union leaders—even before his current arrest. Brazier promised to help the rubberworkers, and two days later I accompanied two of his Tamil assistants, one of them C. Tharmalingam, a Ceylon-born Tamil, the other S. A. Abishegam, born in Malaya, to discuss with the workers the union's reorganisation. Before they did so, Mr. Tharmalingam took the manager aside and explained: "We think this is an opportune moment to reorganise the Labour movement on sound lines." The manager nodded.

While waiting for the workers to assemble, we looked over the estate's facilities. There was a well-stocked pharmacist shop and a simple but moderately clean hospital, with most of its half-dozen patients suffering from anaemia. There were several schools in which the tappers' children could learn Tamil, but only about 15 per cent. of the school-age children were attending, mostly because of their parents' negligence. The "coolie lines" or tappers' quarters looked neat from a distance, but rather primitive from up close. Roofs leaked, and there was only one low-pressure water-tap for upwards of 100 people. Open drains and a pit latrine which hadn't been shifted since 1941 didn't improve the atmosphere near the houses. When I pointed out to the Tamil Labour Adviser that, despite these shortcomings, the tappers looked somewhat better fed and housed than most Tamil labourers I'd seen in South India, he answered: "Naturally, we go from our own country to another to better ourselves."

An hour after the appointed time we found that only fifty of the six hundred unionised Tamil rubber tappers had assembled. Those that came admitted reluctantly that the others had been too frightened to come. They had been warned (inaccurately) by the police that, under the Emergency Regulations, it was illegal for them to assemble, even on their own trade union premises. They knew that Kurup and other Labour leaders of their union had been arrested after a meeting not far away.

Their version of the May strike differed substantially from the manager's. They claimed that, although they had won a small rise in basic pay some months before, when rubber prices had risen, the manager had cancelled it in a number of ways. He had cut bonuses, stopped payment for "spot-marking," and compelled them to carry in much larger loads of latex from the field. ("This is the same story we get everywhere," whispered one of the Labour Advisers.) Their strike had wrung a few concessions from the manager.

Like most of the Tamil labourers, they do not like the predominantly Chinese ex-guerillas who are now terrorising the British and the pro-Kuomintang Chinese. They said they were glad that the manager had put his guards round the estate. Why had he used Malays imported from the outside? One replied with a half-smile: "Maybe the manager doesn't trust his own labourers." Certainly they were worried about the Emergency Regulations. They didn't think that their arrested leader, Kurup, was connected with the terrorists; he had simply been too militant a trade unionist. One sad-faced old tapper, who had worked with Kurup in the Union, said he thought Kurup was "sincere" in his concern for the workers' interests.

The charge by one tapper that the management had begun to bear down on them as soon as the Emergency Regulations were proclaimed was quickly supported by others. Five men regarded as "troublemakers" had been ordered off the estate. The Indian supervisors, who act as intermediaries between the British managers and the tappers, began threatening that if they went on with their demands they would be jailed.

The management began to crack down with fines. A group of women tappers who were fifteen minutes late for work were fined a half-day's pay. One youngster said that a pail he was carrying had tipped a bit, and he stopped to wash off the spilled latex before it hardened on his skin. The manager came upon him, and, thinking he was trying to dilute the latex, summarily fined him nine days' pay without listening to his explanation.

The Government has announced with considerable pride that there are no strikes current in Malaya—for the first time since the Liberation. No objective observer would suggest that the Communist resort to violence grew spontaneously out of a great wave of social conflicts. On the other hand, this visit to Brooklands would indicate that, under present conditions, few workers would dare to strike even to remedy justifiable grievances. Fear is a weapon on both sides.

ANDREW ROTH

Kuala Lumpur, August.

MORE CANTANKERY

HERE is our most popular daily paper, so blazingly patriotic that at any time it is prepared to ignore the facts of geography and history, to Speak For Britain. Let us examine the contents of its leader page. On the right is a column telling us of the rivalry of two of our variety impresarios, who have been desperately bidding for the services of American star performers. One of the middle features on the page is a character sketch of an American Army Air Force officer, now in Britain. Even the cartoon at the top of the page, admirable in itself, refers us to America. And all this at a time when we are told that the shortage of newsprint is gravely hampering our Press services.

Those of us who work in the theatre here would have the greatest difficulty in persuading the editor of this newspaper to print a short paragraph or two giving his readers some news of our plans for the forthcoming season. Yet nearly every day he publishes some items of information about Broadway. Clearly, then, he believes that what happens on Broadway is of more importance to British readers than what happens in Shaftesbury Avenue. No doubt he would hotly deny that London is now merely one provincial city in a cultural community of which New York is the capital. Nevertheless, he and his like behave as if this were true. They are, in fact, drifting with the tide.

World power, we are told, is now being divided between America and Russia. I know and like both peoples, but have not the least desire to be dominated by either of them, believing as I do that we here in Britain—and indeed all of us in Western Europe—have a civilisation and a set of values most precious to the world, that there is still among us a leaven of religious-philosophical-cultural-social life that the vast new lumps of dough in America and Russia most gravely lack. We have much to learn from these peoples, but even now they have still more to learn from us. On their high horse of propaganda the Russians will not admit that anybody can teach them anything, but in private talk at the end of the war, when many of them dismounted from that high horse, I discovered among many thoughtful Russians a deep respect for our cultural achievements. A similar respect is found among thoughtful Americans.

It is my view that we are doing ourselves, our American friends, and the whole world a grave disservice by not making a firm stand against this invasion of our lives by what I will call, for want of a better term, American Big Business Culture. Nothing could be stupider than the notion that this invasion, with its sapping of our own values, is not important simply because the chief signs of it are to be found in cinemas and theatres, the columns of the popular Press, radio programmes and dance halls. Where do millions of our young people learn—or imagine they are learning—about life? To what do they eagerly turn after leaving school or coming out of factories, warehouses, offices? We spend fabulous sums upon their education, but what is it that completes or undoes that education? You can enlist on your side the teachers, the adult educationists, the serious Press, the libraries, the Third Programme, the documentary films, the Central Office of Information and the Arts Council; but give me, for a quarter of the time, feature films, the music halls and large theatres, the popular Press, the Light Programme, the dance halls and roadhouses, the bookstalls, the advertisements, and I will not leave you a chance to shape and colour the values of the great mass of youngsters.

There is an America to which I for one would gladly open all our doors here—the America of Willa Cather, Tom Wolfe, O'Neill, Mumford, Niebuhr, Chaplin, the "New Republic," the "Atlantic Monthly," Johns Hopkins and the Rockefeller Institute. But that is not the America which is so busy invading these shores, the America that is beginning to insinuate itself i the dreams of our adolescents. It is Broadw and Beverly Hills, the glittering, feverish, idiot world dominated by fearful but still predator business magnates and all the hacks that toil f them, the very America so sharply satirised sadly condemned by all the Americans worth lis tening to, the America that denounces anybod with a social conscience and civilised values as Communist—that is increasingly offered f acceptance and applause. With the result th sooner or later, and probably quite soon, th America is accepted by millions here as th Promised Land. Thus, the faint official bleatin about our great social-political-economic expe ment here is easily drowned by the swing band And just when most intelligent Americans a wondering where they are going, we encourag our own people to join the blind procession.

Just as it is stupid to ignore these signs o a vast unconscious drift that may have enormou social and political consequences, it is equally stupid to denounce any protest against this dri as propaganda from a "fellow traveller." I a not myself a fellow-travelling type, being alway inclined by nature to go my own way. My ow simple view is that the Russians should be Rus sian and the English should be English. If eve I arrive in London to find that the largest hoard ings are advertising Russian films and show that the bookstalls are loaded with Russian popu lar novels and periodicals, the newspapers pre ferring Russian to English items of cultural new the shops filled with Russian fashions, ente tainers singing Russian songs in an imitation Rus sian accent, and young people in the streets try ing to look Russian, then my voice will be lou in protest. But in the London I see, all the influences are American, not Russian.

We have been told that in the opinion of som fierce American strategists this island of ours i merely an "expendable" outpost. This anno some of us, but it should not annoy all our ho of editors, journalists, impresarios, radio pro ducers, publishers, advertisers, who have bee so busy these last few years trying to turn us in distant provincial Americans. It is reasonabl that a small outlying part should be sacrifice for the good of the main body. If London i now merely an old-fashioned suburb of Ne York, then it is no great matter if London shoul be destroyed and lost for ever, so long as th glorious capital of the new civilisation is pre served. If the English are merely people wh are trying rather feebly to do what the American do very well, then our ruin and possible dis appearance will be no great loss to the world. I we have no longer any contribution of our ow to make, then whether we linger on the stage o are blown clean off it hardly matters at all. Th is worth remembering by all these persons wh are busy turning our folk into second-rat Americans.

What we have here of our own may be n better than what the Americans have of their ow Any life with deep roots is good. But it is foll to begin exchanging a life with roots for a lot o cheap rootless stuff, a shoddy cosmopolitan pav ment-culture produced for profit, exported to u by psychological misfits. We do not benefit ou American friends by encouraging the spread o such rubbish. We do harm to a world th is badly in need of real values. And culturall socially and politically, we begin to devise ou own ruin. We are not even repaying the genui kindness of the American people, who will in th end gain nothing and probably lose much by th extension of the power, already too great, of som of their own worst citizens. And what son wan to see his father apeing some of his silliest ma nerisms? Good Americans enjoy the Englis ness of the English. And so do the good Englis

J. B. PRIESTLEY.

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The Arts and Entertainment

BALLET

"Aubade" and "Giselle," at Covent Garden

It is evident that Lifar's choreography in *Aubade* es not correspond very closely to Poulenc's music. his is easy to understand if we know that Francis ulenc's own libretto, which has only been per- rmed once privately, with Nijinska's choreography, s composed for women dancers only; so that to nore his libretto is to falsify the intention of the usic. In "Ballet," September, 1946, Poulenc states at Diana was the symbolic heroine chosen by him embody his own melancholy, at a period of his life hen Dawn, the beginning of another day, was the ur when his anguish reached its height. "Diana, goddess and a beautiful woman, was doomed to rpetual chastity among women, with no other dis- ction than the chase. Every day the goddess must luctantly resume her hunting in the forest, carry- g the bow that was as tedious to her as my piano s at that time to me." It was Balanchine who, ith the composer's consent, first modified this con- ption by giving Diana a male companion, and im- sing the myth of Diana and Acteon. Lifar llowed suit and, in Poulenc's view, made matters orse by bringing the orchestra on to the stage. I und this orchestral background quite agreeable, yway very preferable to the music-hall decor we w two years ago; and Angus Morrison and the chestra gave an admirable rendering of Poulenc's chanting and romantic music. For the de Cuevas mpany the Acteon version seems the only one ssible; all the romance is embodied in Skibine's autiful rendering of Acteon as romantic lover rather an prying hunter, leaving only cold chastity to iana, in the person of Marjorie Tallchief. It is to hoped that some musically gifted choreographer ll return to Poulenc's version, and to the decor and stumes in the style of Fontainebleau which he agined for his ballet.

I felt some anxiety about *Giselle,* but found sella Hightower's interpretation of Act I extremely ving throughout. The second act was on the whole ll, though Eglevsky's dancing had some brilliant d even startling moments. The scenery was very "after" Benois, and Act II was painfully lacking atmosphere.

BERYL DE ZOETE

RADIO NOTES

ERIOUS discussion of broadcasting, its functions d techniques, is not so common that one can afford miss *The B.B.C. Quarterly,* the only magazine this country solely devoted to the subject. The rrent issue contains a symposium, to which a mber of distinguished people contribute, entitled he Impact of Broadcasting on Great Britain's Life d Outlook." The most valuable article in it pears to me to be Mr. Desmond MacCarthy's, on erature and broadcasting technique. He demands, ong other things, more attention to new books. s own suggestions on the way in which books ould be reviewed on the air are obviously im- rtant, but the main problem seems to be to get e in the programmes for reviews at all. Perhaps position is slightly better than it was six months o, inasmuch as most of the regions now have nthly talks on new books. But in the Home rvice we have still only eight minutes per week *The Critics.* The Light Programme does better, th *Books Old and New* and a weekly survey of w books, generally very well done, in *Woman's ur.* But it is to the Third Programme that one turally looks for considered opinion on new work. ere is still much that we do not find. There still, for instance, that absurd refusal to touch new tion, though it is true that Mr. Dan Davin verly managed to smuggle in admirable reviews *The Loved One* and *The Heart of the Matter* in general consideration of Mr. Waugh's and Mr. aham Greene's works entitled *Two Catholic velists.* But some progress there has been: new rse has in the last few months been granted the honour of consideration in the Third Programme, and Mr. Roy Fuller's reviews are constantly stimulating and provocative.

In the field of literary criticism, as apart from that of reviewing, the Third Programme does us proud—up to a point. Mr. Humphrey House on the art of biography—and what a fine critic and fine broadcaster Mr. House is—Mr. John Haywood on *Prufrock,* Mr. Henn on the poetry of Yeats, Mr. J. Isaacs on new researches in Shakespeare, Mr. Earp on Pope's *Moral Essays,* these have been among the more memorable of recent critical talks. But in so many instances the listener is left at the end wanting to argue. In no field are there so many conflicting and legitimate points of views, so many different methods of assessment, as in criticism, and it is for this reason that I warmly welcomed Mr. Henry Reed's talk, *"Hamlet" Once More,* in which, in reply to a recent talk by Miss Wedgewood on the same subject, he made a vigorous and witty onslaught on Senor de Madariaga's conception of *Hamlet.* I applaud if not merely for its content but also in the hope that it will set a precedent. For we need much more controversy in contemporary criticism, much more discussion of fundamentals, and we need it continually. Ideally, any book of serious pretensions, whether a novel, verse or work of scholarship, should be reviewed on the air by two critics of opposed views; at least dissenting critics should be encouraged to answer back.

But talks are not the only form that broadcast criticism need take, as last week's admirable Jane Austen festival proved. The very idea of reading *Sanditon* as a serial was admirable, as was Mr. Stokes's reading of it; but it gained immeasurably by being part of a planned project, by being buttressed, as it were, by Dr. Chapman's introductory talk, Miss Elizabeth Jenkins's selection of readings from the letters, the programme of contemporary music, and Miss Bowen's *New Judgment.* The last showed, as the *Imaginary Conversations* have done, that the dramatic feature can be a most exciting vehicle for criticism. The test of such a feature must be, Could the author have said what he had to say as adequately in a talk? So far as the *New Judgment* on Jane Austen is concerned I think the answer surely is, No. The form Miss Bowen chose, the very act of dramatising the material, produced an interpretation of Jane Austen of a subtlety that could have been achieved in no other way.

WILLIAM SALTER

MOVIES

"Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill," at the Gaumont and the Marble Arch Pavilion

"Homecoming," at the Empire

One English film and one American, both average specimens of their kinds. I feel that a chance has been missed with *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill.* There was no reason why this autumn term at Banfield should not have provided us with a piece at least as good as the Swedish *Frenzy.* For frenzy read eccentricity and claustrophobia leading to breakdown. The particular charm of Walpole's story lay in the civility of its satire, the neatness of pathos and horror. It is a light, even a thin, book but firmly attached to its social stratum: that of the second-rate public school, with its talk of tradition and common-room hatreds, presided over by a tyrant. A good deal of this precision has been lost in the film. The time has been brought up-to-date with the new games master coming fresh from the wars: that makes the Banfield community look even more remote than the Cornish coast on which it resides. How odd the behaviour and the talk ! How unconvincing, too, are geography and weather, the latter being represented, indoors and out, on fine days and foul, by a photogenic sunlight ! We never for a moment get the feeling of a real school set down in a real countryside, and that robs the satire of much of its effect.

But there remains, on the studio level, quite a respectable and well-acted piece. As Mr. Perrin, the senior man with ruined ambitions and wild hopes, Marius Goring achieves some genuine moments of comedy; a stiff circumlocution is varied by an oddly birdlike attitudes; and in the matter of bathroom routine and borrowed umbrellas caricature gets its chance. If we don't feel quite as sorry for him as we should, that is the director's fault. David Farrar makes what there is to be made of Traill, and in the end browbeats the atrocious headmaster (Raymond Huntley) as any screen hero would. *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill* isn't a high success, but for those who haven't read the book it offers fair entertainment.

Homecoming is another of those long luxuriant tales of war in which Hollywood has ever delighted. Here is warm war as opposed to the cold variety we know from our newspapers. War adds a rider to the eternal triangle; a small orchestra or piano wraps the protagonists round with sentimental music; blood, sweat and tears merge imperceptibly into sweetness and light; Major Clark Gable, a brilliant surgeon, joins up and meets Lieutenant Lana Turner, the most efficient nurse he has ever known; it takes four years or so of war for them to achieve their kiss while at home, sitting in the garden, Miss Anne Baxter, the wife, keeps everything just as it was, on instructions. Major (now Lieut-Colonel) Gable comes back: what then ? Well, Providence has seen to it that the most efficient nurse has died in Brussels, so with "a new understanding" and no bonds broken it will work out. The film has its more serious elements. War service might well induce in a bumptiously smart surgeon a sense of human tragedy and social responsibility; and the graduation is not unconvincingly achieved. Miss Turner gives an unexpectedly lifelike performance as the efficient but prickly nurse, war itself, though staged, makes its impression with floods of casualties and red-cross areas bombed. Yet the whole thing is stodgy, old-fashioned and over-sugared, like some box of crystallised plums found in a neglected drawer. One can't in these days make a meal off it: oh for the joint and two veg. !

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

GERMAN CURRENCY REFORM

SIR,—Thank you for drawing attention to the plight of "millions of small savers ruined as they were in 1923," and to the fact that "success measured in financiers' terms" may prove a failure "catastrophic in terms of human justice." After June 20th silence fell on my German correspondents (most of them "expellees"). They couldn't afford a stamp. I sent reply coupons. May I quote from the replies I then received ?

A refugee at Lubeck: "My brother works for a big exporting firm but since June 20th most orders have been cancelled. So soon as the (hoarded) stocks have been sold off the shops will be empty again. There can be no real recovery without our industries, and so many are dismantled. Exports have been kept down . . . Unemployment increases daily. I too am under notice. I have my mother to provide for, and no friends who can afford help. As to public assistance, people are being warned they can't have it; the authorities have lost large funds and are now too poor. Every *Land* tries to get rid of the refugees. No wonder people are taking their lives ! "

A widow at Munich (refugee from Prague, May, 1945); her husband, a professor, suffered under the Nazis and died in a concentration camp: "We all expected a certain minimum would be left to the poorest and most helpless, the old and the disabled. But they are left to starve, for public charity can't be counted on in a country so completely broke. Most of them believe their fate is due not to any real necessity but to an intention to get rid of them . . . Many factories have dismissed half their workers . . . Students are driven to earn; but how many can both work and study ? . . . Refugees were often expert at some artistic handicraft; but now money is scarce and nobody buys."

A young German pacifist: "The currency reform seems to have been ruthlessly planned. Our savings are reduced from £400 to £40; years of work in vain! We have *no* income and are plunged into misery and despair. We are offered two pints of full creamy milk for our child of five who has been so ill; but we can't pay for it. So we and our child are paying for Hitler's crimes ! . . . The horrible Hitler spirit seems to prevail more and more in other parts of the world."

A refugee from Upper Silesia, formerly a bank manager: "Please excuse a big request. Could you possibly send me an old suit ? My only one is done for. You can't imagine what it means to me to write like this! For three years now my wife and I have lived in one small room, and since June 20th I have no money—till I can find work. But lots of young men have now lost their jobs, and I am 61 and have serious heart trouble. The end? I will not think of it . . ."

A refugee lawyer who had a fine house, valuable pictures, a car, etc., in East Prussia, and bank assets worth 150,000 R.M.: "The people of West Germany get 10 per cent. of their savings; refugees have lost theirs totally; but no consideration has been shown them." He had struggled to restart a practice. In three weeks up to June 20th he earned 600 R.M.; in the next 10 days only 70, in the next only 15. "People can't afford lawsuits. I spend sleepless nights! The bank tells me credits are unobtainable. Now I stand in front of a poor-house. Every week the papers report new cases of suicide, mostly of refugees; three in our town due to the currency reform. I must confess that such thoughts sometimes cross my own mind . . ."

To quote a few words from the conclusion of a German financier's report sent me by an experienced journalist: "Currency reform conducted by the Americans proves how mechanically the financial mind works over there; whereas the coming struggle for existence will take on political forms and call out all the fighting powers of the consumer . . . One cannot too strongly stress the danger of the coming unemployment . . . The anti-Bolshevist American has given the impetus to the Bolshevist tendency in Germany."

One is driven to ask: Surely some palliative measure even now is not beyond the wit of man?

Whingate, DOROTHY F. BUXTON
Peaslake, Surrey.

LOGICAL POSITIVISM

SIR,—I will try briefly to reply to some points made by your correspondents.

Mr. Osborn needs to brush up his theory of knowledge. I say that values are invisible and intangible, from which he appears to think it follows that "to say that a certain course of action is good is only to express our intuitive feelings about it." Why so? Unless to say that a table is square is only to express our "intuitive feelings" about it, that is, to say something about ourselves and not, as we would normally suppose, to say something about the table. But, if we can sometimes make statements about the squareness of tables, why can we not make statements about the beauty of pictures? Why, when we try to do so, must we be told that we are only talking about ourselves? Mr. Osborn's letter appears further to imply that nothing can be known to be the case unless it can be demonstrated by argument. Why? By what argument does he propose to demonstrate that grass is green and pillar boxes red?

Mrs. Freed is under the delusion that the belief that there are values entails as a corollary that all intuitions of value are equally valid. "It is the fate of the intuitionist," she says, "to claim willy-nilly, absolute validity for his opponent's intuitions in the act of claiming it for his own." Is it? I doubt if even Mrs. Freed would expect me to accord to lunatic Miss Jones's intuition that she is Queen Elizabeth as much weight as to everybody else's intuition that she is only, after all, lunatic Miss Jones, or as much to the schoolboy's intuition that 7 × 8 is 65 as to the schoolmaster's insistence that it is 56 or—for I know her to be a person of taste—to accept the enthusiasm of the millions for Mr. Sinatra and the boredom of the same millions with Beethoven as a testimony to the equal worth of Mr. Sinatra. She knows, of course, as well as I do, that some things are better (more valuable) than others both in morals and in art. She may be perverse enough to deny it on the grounds that there are no objective values or that all intuitions are equally valid, but I won't have her fathering her perversity on to me.

Mrs. Freed puts her money on "human values." What are they? Values, I suggest, apprehended or appreciated by human beings. For Mrs. Freed can't, I hope, be meaning values which *belong* to human beings, since I doubt whether even she would maintain that the fact that I perceive truth or enjoy beauty makes me either truthful or beautiful, any more than the fact that I preceive squareness makes me square. (The case of goodness is, of course, another matter, goodness being a value whose appropriate medium of manifestation is the human.)

Mr. Crawshay-Williams is unable to resist the temptation of drawing attention to the fact that people's interpretations of value differ, as though it had somehow escaped notice. So what? Is the inference that there are no values to differ about? Presumably, if this consideration has any relevance, it is. Yet Mr. Crawshay-Williams would not, I take it, be willing to accept the fact that a number of people make different guesses about the temperature of a room and that their guesses are clearly determined by the private circumstances of the guessers as a ground for concluding that there was no temperature to guess about.

Frankly, I don't believe that Mr. Crawshay-Williams believes, any more than I do, that a man who thinks that deliberate cruelty to animals is right is *not* morally perverted, or that a man who is blind or stone deaf is *not* lacking a sense for the perception of beauty that most of us possess. Meanwhile, don't let us exaggerate the differences. I wonder how many millions Mr. Crawshay-Williams could produce, or could at any time have produced, who really thought that cruelty to animals was right.

Two points of fact! Mr. Cornforth disputes my claim that transcendentalism is the "traditional philosophy of Western Europe." Does he, then, deny that Western Europe has been Christian for nearly 2,000 years, that for a large slice of that period Christianity dominated philosophy and that Christianity is transcendental? Dr. McCracken rightly points out that Prof. Ayer's book is not original. Nobody said it was. My concern was merely to inquire whether this book—and it is *Language, Truth and Logic* and not *A Treatise of Human Nature* which has enjoyed and enjoys a popular vogue at Oxford—was or was not likely to produce certain effects which Oxonian attributed to it. I did not say, nor did Oxonian, that it made men Fascists. What Oxonian did was to point to the obvious fact that, if you destroy young men's beliefs in the traditional values of morality and religion, they will embrace a new set of values for themselves and some of them at least are likely to embrace the values of the young Nazis of ten years ago. And why not, pray, if there are no such things as values, or if they are all equally valid, or if they are purely subjective? Why should your correspondents and my critics object?

C. E. M. JOAD

4 East Heath Road, N.W.3.

SIR,—Mr. Cornforth correctly diagnoses the trouble about Logical Positivism; it "removes questions of conduct from the sphere of rational discussion." If a man is told that no moral judgments are true, that "X is your duty" is simply an expression of the speaker's wish that he should do X, he may well draw the conclusion that it is a waste of time and energy for him to try to discover what his duty is. In this frame of mind he might be more sympathetic to unscrupulous political movements (Right or Left) which do not believe in appealing to moral reason.

I do not know whether this very often happens. But I am sure that Logical Positivism is not the only, or the most important, doctrine that can have such an effect. Both the Freudian tradition in psychology, and the Marxian tradition in sociology, by assigning our moral convictions to irrational causes, have done very much more to undermine the belief that we can discover moral truths.

But can we? Cornforth seems to think that we can do it by some kind of scientific inquiry. Now scientific inquiry may tell us what men desire and approve; what causes them to do so; by what means their aspirations may be fulfilled. All these inquiries are valuable; and neither Ayer nor Joad nor any other sensible man would deny this. But there is no scientific inquiry which will tell us whether

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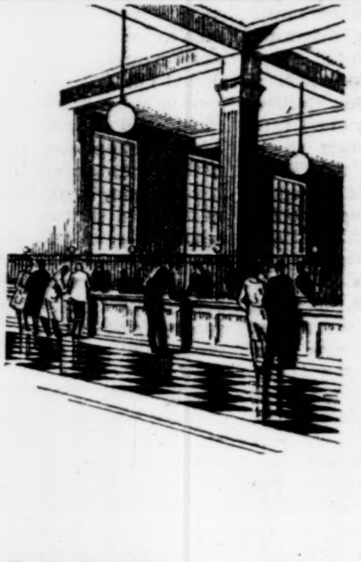

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men approve and desire what they ought, or whether A's moral judgments are truer or better than B's. These are the specifically ethical questions, and they are crucial for action.

In order to give sense to these ethical questions, we are not forced to believe in "transcendental values"; but we must believe that the discussion of moral problems can be rational without being scientific. Not being scientific, it cannot offer proof of its conclusions. And this is of some importance. For there is another and more direct route to the attitude of mind characteristic of Fascism. That is to be convinced that your own moral views are demonstrably true and certain, and therefore those who do not accept them are morally defective and need not be treated like human beings. C. H. WHITELEY

SIR,—Though not myself a Logical Positivist, may I take exception to the arrogant manner in which the critics of that philosophy label their own brand *the* "traditional Western philosophy" *par excellence?*

There is no *one* traditional Western philosophy. There are two rival traditions, one deriving from Plato (idealist and absolutist), the other from Epicurus (materialist and relativist). The former, by laying claim to knowledge of absolute values, lends itself readily to the defence of the established order of society, and therefore is usually favoured in seats of learning, which have always been bulwarks of the Toryism of the day. Nevertheless, the other tradition has never lacked witnesses, and has as much right as its opponent to the magniloquent label used by your correspondents.

The claim that the absolutist tradition, rather than its rival, makes for freedom and other social goods is simply not true. It was not Plato, but Epicurus who first admitted women to his school on equal terms with men, and slaves on equal terms with freemen. It was not the defenders of absolute values, but the empiricists and utilitarians (Locke, Helvetius, Holbach, Bentham, Mill) who paved the way for modern democracy. Of course, the absolutists of to-day may say, and do say, that their pious predecessors made mistakes which they are correcting. But it is curious that the first impulse to rectification should have proceeded from the godless relativists.

ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON

MALAYAN PARTISANS

SIR,—Your correspondent Graham Hough, says that the wartime guerillas "fully intended to take over the country in Malaya and for a few weeks, which live in the memory of the local population as a reign of terror, actually attempted to do so."

As a member of Force 136 parachuted into Malaya to act as M.O. to the guerillas in the Negri-Sembilon Area, I can testify to the efficiency with which the guerillas took over the State in the interim period between the surrender of Japan and the arrival of the British Occupation Army. Through their close alliance with the local population, the relatively small guerilla army was able to prove remarkably effective and scotched abortive efforts to spread lawlessness and confusion during this period.

That some looting took place was inevitable. But the smooth functioning of government in most of Malaya while the British forces slowly took over was vouched for by other liaison officers of Force 136 whom I later met, and great credit is due to them and the guerilla forces for this achievement.

The following quotations are relevant:

1. An order of the day by Lt.-General O. L. Roberts dated September 15th, 1945, states that "prior to the arrival of my troops, some cases of looting have occurred." This does not suggest a reign of terror.

2. An extract from the *Straits Times* of January 7th, 1946, referring to a ceremony at which Lord Mountbatten decorated resistance leaders—13 Chinese and 3 Malays—states:—

"They represented thousands of their comrades up and down the Malay Peninsula who suffered incredible privations and torture. Many of their members made the supreme sacrifice so that Malaya may be free."

Perhaps it is so that Malaya may be free that these men have now taken to the jungle again.

M. RAPOPORT

T.V.A.

SIR,—Norman Mackenzie's article is encouraging, but he says oddly little about the debit side which exists on even the best of balance sheets.

William Vogt, Chief of the Conservation Section of the Pan-American Union, has recently pleaded for "a detached evaluation of all such work: this should include not only the power, navigation and flood-control factors, but the total impact on our natural resources. Thus far there seems little doubt that T.V.A. has been less than satisfactory as a method of *land* management. For years its officials virtually excluded the Soil Conservation Service from the Valley, and therefore conservation has lagged far behind much of the rest of the country. Its forestry programme, according to reliable observers, has been badly fumbled, and its wild life programme—apart from fisheries—appears to be not much better. It has 'controlled' floods, not by holding water in the soil where it will do most good, but by permanently submerging more than three-quarters of the land it was designed to protect! Its much-touted recreational development has often been tawdry. Fishing or boating on its drawn-down waters, surrounded by miles of stinking mud-banks, is about as satisfying as playing basketball in a factory yard. Its so-called 'multiple-purpose' dams would be better named, as I point out elsewhere, 'cross-purpose' dams."

Thus Mr. Vogt, whose "detached evaluation" seems on the face of it to have left out the credit side. I imagine that many people like myself feel that such sweeping criticism ought not to have been ignored simply because it was probably unknown to most English readers. If there is a convincing answer we would all be very glad to hear it. ROY WALTER

THE BAT'S SQUEAK

SIR,—Mr. L. C. Soper has been misled by Mr. Calder's use of the word "buzz" to describe the sounds produced by the interruption of the bat's squeak. Perhaps the following description of the process would help your correspondent.

The bat sets up in the air a train of short impulses, each consisting of a supersonic "note" of frequency 50,000 cycles per second. These impulses are repeated 60 times a second, so that the time elapsing between the start of one impulse and the start of the next is about 17 thousandths of a second. Now each impulse will be of very short duration indeed, perhaps not more than one thousandth of a second, so that each impulse would consist of 50 complete cycles of the 50,000 cycles tone, followed by a gap of 16 thousandths of a second before the next impulse started. Mr. Calder uses the term "squeak" to refer to the 50,000 cycles tone, but I prefer to let this word denote the entire series of waves set up by the bat each time it "sings," so that we may say that the squeak lasts for perhaps half a second.

Now it can be shown mathematically that a train of impulses such as described above may be analysed into a series of so-called "Fourier Components," each of which is a continuous tone lasting for the duration of the squeak. These tones will be different frequencies and while the larger components will have frequencies close to that of the 50,000 cycle fundamental yet there will also be smaller components with frequencies far removed from it. It is the combined effect of those frequency components which lie within the audible range that gives rise to the sound heard by your correspondent and while it is an oversimplification to describe it as a repeated click, it is nevertheless true that the interruption of the fundamental produces the audible sounds, or more accurately that if the fundamental were not interrupted then an audible sound would be produced.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

MISS SARAH CAMPION, the daughter of the great medievalist, G. G. Coulton, has exploded. For forty years during her father's lifetime she kept her wrath more or less contained, using family rows as a safety valve when the head of steam, generated by her father's maddening personality, grew too powerful. But now, like some famous passenger engine, rocking and swaying, she thunders down the rails with clouds of smoke pouring from the funnel and with jets of steam spurting from the cylinders and compressors, the whistle neighing defiance. The very plates of the boiler heave and leap from their rivets. That whole complicated structure, Womanhood, has suffered long enough at the hands of masculine insensitivity, arrogance and conceit and is ranging for revenge. Father* is for it. . . .

No one who was ever acquainted with Coulton can ever have doubted that his personality must have presented certain difficulties in the confined space of a mere home, but the full story of what his family endured wrings the withers. The domestic lives of great scholars, no less than those of artists, will rarely bear examination by a moralist. The artist will throw over his mistress, his political or moral convictions, he will spit on the friends who have fed him and behave ruthlessly and shamelessly to all, if the daemon within him, which compels him to create, is once threatened. Directly he feels the arms of love or affection or duty strangling his ego, he will uproot himself. No less relentless with their fellow-beings are the Bentleys, Rouths and Freemans, who are determined to assert their authority over their surroundings and ensure that nothing be allowed to disturb their peace of mind. Blind to half the world, immune from observing all those contradictions and uncertainties, the chiaroscuro which makes their frailer colleagues hesitate and qualify (or reduces them like Mark Pattison to quasi-silence), on they write, ignoring anything that will hinder them from adding to the corpus of truth. The Victorian scholar is a field for research which has not yet been adequately tilled. Material conditions were in their favour. Many had private incomes and those who, like Coulton, were desperately poor, were untroubled by distractions or doubts about the sacredness of their vocation. Moreover, they were protected by psychological armour. The Puritan within them forced them to work, the family ethos removed from their minds any suspicion that their labours should not always be put before the feelings of their dependants. Reading between the lines of the biographies of Stephens, Huxley, Darwin, Benson or a dozen others, one sees that it was the family that copped it. Their friends and pupils, well aware when they must keep their distance, rejoiced at the sound of their thunder and their determination to expose error. Their colleagues at High Table, though they fretted as their nerves were jarred by the pitiless omniscience of their distinguished brother, had (in those days) long vacations to restore them to tranquillity. But the scholar had his family at his mercy; for them there was no escape. What were they for but to minister to his wants and provide him with that inner security of mind, to make him feel that in every tussle with obdurate opponents he must inevitably be right? And not only to his wants. The family was there to flatter him, to appreciate his worth, to provide him with a sounding board, a circle of uplifted interested faces, hungry sheep longing to be fed. The old scholar, like the Pharisee, knew he was not as other men are, but nevertheless required to be assured that he was as good as they. His work was his first love and nothing must come between him and it. "It is dull here," wrote Coulton to his daughter, "and almost as cold as the day when you and *Pearl* were born. . ." His daughter learnt early to realise that the appearance of his translation of the medieval poem was regarded as the more important event. The world of books is more real than material phenomena. *"Revenons à la réalité. Qui va épouser Eugénie Grandet?"*

The old breed of scholar is dying fast, and the modern species is, at an early age, diverted and broken by administration and tamed by families whose grandmothers won the battle of Women's Rights. Coulton was one of the last survivors, Victorian in his morality, his unabashed eccentricity, his choleric temperament and his concept of Paternity. He married—a rash thing to do—at the age of forty-eight and found a wife who devoted her life to him, but who, partly through her county background, was never quite submerged by the whirlpools of the torrent that swept about her. But his daughters grew up in the changed world of Miss Pankhurst and Katherine Mansfield. They inherited none of his meticulous love of fact, but a great deal of his temper, independence and stubbornness. The earliest intellectual game they learnt was that of diddling Father and thwarting his efforts to instruct them. From the first they were martyrs to pedagogy. Why is a railway line cambered on a bend? How are we to remember the ablative plural of *judex*? (Answer: *you dicky bus* to be shouted wherever such a vehicle careered through the Cambridge streets). Like Francis Newman, Coulton was always prepared to lecture on the scientific method of lighting outdoor fires or cutting apple rings. His insatiate appetite for instruction combined with experiment led him to make his children inhale sulphur to teach them that its fumes were disagreeable. Games and pastimes were carefully watched, for pleasure was dangerous and should be rationed and restricted. Holidays abroad were doomed to rain: for Father insisted that the family should enjoy Switzerland as he enjoyed it, or not at all. With their feet encased in hob-nailed boots, encumbered by Alpenstocks, be-rucksacked and waterbottled, they flagged fulminating over mountains behind him or heard him give the hotel porter a dressing-down for having such dangerous fixtures as marble steps, on which he had in his ironshod boots not unnaturally slipped. Mortification, physical and mental fatigue overcame them; but Father would be there to see that they left Paris wiser (in architectural and historical lore) than when they came. It was all, of course, done for their good—but also to show that he was the Head of the Household.

Then there were his gadgets, his fads and his eccentricities. All demanded female labour and admiration. The goggles for walking in north-easterly winds; the safety-pins bought by the bushel which tacked addenda to his manuscripts, gloves to his cuffs, his hat to his lapels and sprouted at will among his trousers; but let Miss Campion speak for herself:

> He had arranged everything to further the steady prosecution of his work; the gadgets were not exactly labour-saving—at least his bedder didn't think them so—but they were all designed for the convenience of a labouring G.G.C. There were already two enormous desks, but neither could be moved near the fire . . . so Father bought himself an old wooden washstand and fitted that up as a writing desk. There was a large piece of cardboard attached to the right-hand side to shade his face from the fire's blaze; there was an Ovaltine tin full of pencils and crayons, easy to hand; there was another tin full of fountain pens which had already succumbed to his determined onslaught and were now, like old toothless horses, put out to grass; . . . there was a block of wood nailed along the nearer rim of the washstand to prevent things from falling off (but it didn't); there were pencils dangling on bits of string, and scissors made readily findable by having a bit of red calico tied to their handles. . . .

Then there was the ceremonial pear-gathering each autumn involving hours of labour and caustic comment on female inefficiency. Worse still was the infernal cocoa-making which demanded the riveted attention of the women of the house. Coulton demanded a special cocoa, nib cocoa rich in fat-content, which had to be ground, boiled, re-boiled, the fluids from each boiling carefully mixed, then stored in vats and day by day drawn off to fill thermos flasks which he transported to College in knapsacks to nourish a brain engaged on research. A gross of gadgets were required for this ritual, of which each time one or two could not be found (more comments on female incompetence). Finally, the brew would be reheated in his rooms in College, but the special fat content floating on the surface of the saucepan would be removed with sheets of the *Radio Times* (found by experiment to be the best absorbent). Coulton did not confine his Bohemian habits to College—a place which is, after all, inured to such behaviour. His home was his to do with what he liked. A host of cats swept through it, and the wash-basins were used for storing pamphlets. He ate enormously, and what he could not finish, he insisted on having cold for breakfast the next morning. Thus this meal often consisted of half-consumed delicacies, such as cold toad-in-the-hole, pieces of herring with congealed mustard sauce, liver mixed with shredded wheat, and sleepy pears. Vainly the family tried to insinuate that he exasperated them. Just as Mary Marshall once said sardonically of her husband, the economist, "He was a great preacher," so the Coulton females could give the savant a *pensif cinq minutes*. One feels in Miss Campion's book that his spirit is not in the least troubled by her exposures. The wheels of the express train pass over him, yet there at the end is Coulton picking himself up not a whit the worse.

No doubt the book might have been better. Explosion is not the most satisfactory form of literary expression; some parts are overwritten or too quickly put together, the effect is episodical, and for those who do not know Cambridge, excessively parochial. Moreover, it assumes a knowledge of Coulton's autobiography *Fourscore Years*. But an explosion has this merit: it hits the reader and is better than pages of grey psychologising—besides it is often exceedingly comical. And Miss Campion makes the reader understand through all her fulminations that she regards her father with esteem, as a man of enormous character, a great Victorian oak who deserves to be remembered. She does not, of course, explain the relation between his family life and his scholarship, or answer the question which is central to Coulton's personality: was his passion for truth, which led him into so many controversies, a delusion, a gross simplification of all issues, a product of his obstinacy?

That the fanatical pursuit of truth was Coulton's daemon cannot be denied; and that in that pursuit he exposed some men who refused to acknowledge certain awkward facts is also beyond question, even though he may have accused others unjustly of falsification. But it seems to me that Miss Campion puts her finger on the spot when she says that, while his blue eyes blazed with anger when he convicted his children of lying, he never attempted to find out why they lied. They were soundly whipped, and there was an end on't. He was uninterested in the cause for a lie, whether, in the case of little children psychological, or in the case of adults, because it proceeded from a totally different conception of what truth is. In other words, he was utterly incurious about other people and what went on in their minds. The world for him was in black and white, a lie was black, truth was white, and could be satisfactorily painted in those colours. Such an attitude has its limitations, but it is consoling to think that Coulton met his Waterloo at the hands of his daughters and not of scholars. When preparing his autobiography for publication they found a passage declaring that he remained unalterably in favour of corporal punishment, and that he felt sure that his children would now agree that the whippings he administered were salutory and justifiable. Their revenge was apposite. Taking a red pencil, they underlined the passage and wrote: "This is a lie. Delete it," and despatched it forthwith to the printers.

NOEL ANNAN

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* *Father*. A portrait of G. G. Coulton. By Sarah Campion. *Michael Joseph*. 12s. 6d.

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EXISTENTIALISM

Existentialism and Humanism. By JEAN-PAUL SARTRE. Translated by Philip Mairet. *Methuen.* 5*s.*

In this lecture, delivered in 1946 and now published for the first time in English, Monsieur Sartre seeks to explain Existentialism and to defend it. He complains that people attribute any and every kind of doctrine to Existentialists and have no clear conception of their teaching. What is Existentialism, they ask him.

I am not surprised, for in the course of a fairly long experience of philosophical and pseudo-philosophical writing a more pretentious farrago of metaphysical abracadabra has rarely, if ever, come my way. Take a little pessimism, a little atheism, a little nihilism, mix with a little mastery of their fate by heads that are bloody but unbowed, thicken with sibyllic utterances like "Man is the future of man," or choice is "a crisis of the subjectivity," stiffen with assertions of man's freedom and mastery of his destiny, sweeten with the assurance that everything is permitted, but sharpen with the reminder that man is nevertheless not excused, add "anxiety," "abandonment" and "despair" from stock to give weight, stir and allow to simmer and the existentialist dish is ready for serving.

To the confusion of matter there is added a vast portentousness of manner. Monsieur Sartre's lecture abounds in such utterances as "man is nothing else but that which he makes of himself," and "Existentialism . . . is a doctrine that does render human life possible," on which the only possible comment seems to be "By God, it had better!" Much of it I find frankly unintelligible. What, for example, is one to make of, "we will to exist at the same time as we fashion our image, that image is valid for all and for the entire epoch in which we find ourselves"?

What is intelligible seems to vary between the false and the commonplace. "Existence," we are told—it is the first principle of Existentialism—"precedes essence," by which apparently is meant that although the idea of a table precedes the table, a man precedes the idea of him. Whether this is true or not depends upon whether you believe in God, since, if God created us, His idea of us presumably preceded us. Sartre does not believe in God, though many Existentialists do. From the fact that my existence precedes my essence there purports to follow a doctrine of free choice. Nothing, I am told, can determine me and I am not, therefore, entitled to place the responsibility for my actions on heredity, passion, environment or destiny. A doctrine which lays so much stress on personal freedom, "subjectivity" and "inwardness," which embraces a theory—highly doubtful—of perception that affirms we do not know external objects and which runs the risk, therefore, of shutting us up within the circle of our own experiences, which represents man as the chooser of his own morality and the creator, therefore, of himself, is, it is obvious, in grave danger of Solipsism. Perceiving the danger, Sartre seeks to avert it by a doctrine of "commitment." Briefly, this is to the effect that since, when I choose, I always choose the better, I am by implication committing the rest of humanity to my choice, on the ground, apparrently, that it must be better for others, too. Sartre gives as an example:—

> I decide to marry and to have children, even though this decision proceeds simply from my situation, from my passion or my desire. I am thereby committing not only myself, but humanity as a whole, to the practice of monogamy. I am thus responsible for myself and all men.

But this surely is incorrect. I often don't choose for others what I would choose for myself, *brie,* for example, and burgundy, on the ground that it might disagree with them. Nor, when I choose for myself a salad without beetroot, do I in any sense deprive or wish to deprive others of beetroot; their tastes may be different; they may even like the stuff. Nor, in choosing, am I conscious of feeling anguish, as Monsieur Sartre tells me that I do, the anguish being due apparently to the awful sense of responsibility arising from my recognition of the fact that I am "at the same time a legislator deciding for the whole of mankind." And if I don't feel it? Then, I am told, I must be disguising my feeling from myself, and the mere fact that I find it necessary to disguise it shows that I do in fact feel it. So I feel it, I feel it, and if I don't, that is because I do but don't know it. There is no refuting this sort of argument.

Meanwhile, though I am expressly told (a) that there are no values, and (b) that everything is permitted to me, I am admonished not to lie to myself or to other men about my feelings, since "the act of lying implies the universal value which it denies." And if it is said that the beetroot example is trivial and that Sartre is not thinking of such things, the reply is that he ought to be, since all his affirmations are couched in universal terms. Thus "everything happens to every man as though the whole human race had its eyes fixed upon what he is doing."

The "anguish" *motif* is further important since, without it, we should not act at all—"anguish is a condition of action itself." If this means that we never act without experiencing a preliminary state of suspense, irresolution, hesitation and, not to put too fine a point on it, "anguish," the statement again seems to me to be plainly untrue in its application to eating bacon and eggs, scoring a goal at hockey, kissing the girl you love, lighting your pipe, catching a train or going to the movies. Yet it is of such actions that the long littleness of life is largely composed.

I have no space to treat of "abandonment" and "despair," but I cannot deny myself the pleasure of putting to Monsieur Sartre a question: if everything is as depressing as you suggest, if action springs from anguish, expresses abandonment and ends in despair, what do you propose should be done about it?

To this question the answer given is that for remedy "what man needs is to find himself again" and, for hope, that "Existentialism is optimistic; it is a doctrine of action." And if one thereupon puts down the book—for these remarks occur on the last page—demanding in exasperation *how* one finds himself and *where,* and what sort of action, there is no answer.

Silence, of course, might conceivably be the appropriate answer, for it may be that profound doctrines of the nature of human personality cannot be expressed in logical form; it may be that they can be conveyed only by imaginative fiction, as, for example, by the novels of Dostoevsky, whom Existentialists often invoke. Possibly; possibly not. But if so, Existentialists should confine themselves to writing literature.

It may even be maintained that the doctrines are not communicable in words at all, language being too clumsy an instrument for the expression of metaphysical truth. This, too, is possible. But one can only comment, adapting Doctor Johnson, that if Monsieur Sartre has conceived the unutterable, he should not try to utter it.

C. E. M. JOAD

SOVIET ECONOMY

Soviet Economic Development Since 1917. By MAURICE DOBB. *Routledge.* 15*s.*

Mr. Maurice Dobb is a careful and in general an objective chronicler, and those who read his earlier books on the development of the Soviet

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economic system will know what to expect. Facts and figures they will find woven into the text to an extent that makes it often very gritty; for Mr. Dobb makes very little use of tables, and takes all the statistics in his stride. Probably this is due largely to the inconvenient Soviet habit of presenting figures not in any continuous sequence from year to year, but with continual fresh starts on new bases, so that long-term comparisons are usually difficult, and often impossible, to make. Some critics of the Soviet Union have supposed this practice to arise out of a deliberate attempt at concealment; but I doubt if it does, save here and there. It is due much more to the experimental character of much of the Soviet accountancy and to the continual revision, after heated theoretical arguments, of the methods of compiling and presenting the successive Five Year Plans.

Mr. Dobb is much more readable in his later chapters, when, his annals done with, he turns to considering the structure and development of Soviet planning and to making plain the relations between the production plan, which is made in terms of available resources of materials, equipment, and man-power, and the financial plan, in which the determined allocation of resources is turned, where necessary, into terms of money. All this side of Soviet planning is very lucidly explained and there is an excellent account of the stages through which the existing forms and methods of planned control were painfully, and often very hesitantly, evolved. Finally, Mr. Dobb turns to the wage and income structure, making some attempt to discover how far inequality has widened in recent years, but saying all too little about the methods used in fixing the basic wage-standards for the various types of work. This chapter also includes a good, but too brief, account of the working of Trade Unionism in the Soviet Union, with its dual function of looking after the workers' interests and throwing its weight on the side of the national campaign for more and better output.

On Stakhanovism, which he discusses at length, Mr. Dobb reaches the conclusion that, though it has enabled some individual workers to achieve very high earnings, its main effect has been, through the spread of the new methods introduced by the individual pioneers, to raise the average earnings of a much wider body of workers to a much smaller extent. He does not deny that it, and the differential piece-rates which are very extensively used, have widened the spread of wage-earnings; but he insists that there has been no creation of a superior *class* cut off from the general run of labour. Incidentally, he shows that the rise in earnings due to the offer of special incentives to high output was a principal factor in bringing about the so-called "inflation" of the 1930's, because its effect was to raise wages by more than output and thus to upset the controlled cost figures and to render necessary the printing of additional currency more than balancing the increase in consumers' supplies.

Mr. Dobb begins his book with a rather formidable theoretical introduction, written in an unfortunately jargonistic style—unfortunate because his double equipment with the technical terms of both capitalist and Soviet economics causes him to hurl an exceptionally high number of ungraceful words at his readers. He tries to do all this in too little space for clarity; and readers who are deterred by his opening may do best to turn on and to come back to it when they have read the rest of the book. Some may even prefer to begin with the last few chapters, and to treat the main narrative as a work of reference, in which they can hunt up the points they want. Even if they do not do this, one great use of the book is as a handy means of looking things up, and especially of studying the growth of the Soviet economic system over the period of peace and war that has made such prodigious impacts on it since the Webbs wrote *Soviet Communism.*

G. D. H. COLE

THE GUIDE

Murray's Buckinghamshire Guide. By JOHN BETJEMAN and JOHN PIPER. *Murray.* 15s.

In 1820 John Murray (the second) published Mrs. Mariana Starke's *Guide for Travellers on the Continent*, and so began that series of red-covered, round-cornered handbooks which were to become so famous. In Coblenz Karl Baedeker marked their success and set out to equal or surpass them, imitating his models with flattering exactness. In 1861 Baedeker's publications began to appear in English translations, and John Murray (the third) indefatigably quartering the Continent for his material, had to face the competition of equally able and tireless Germans.

Some prefer Murray, some Baedeker, but it is impossible to refuse admiration for either. Among the monuments left us by the nineteenth century, these red books are outstanding. Both publishers assume as a matter of course that their readers have the widest and most varied interests, that Horace and Dante are familiar to them, that they can cope with brigands, be stoical about fleas and lice, and may sometimes wish—quite disinterestedly—to witness scenes of low life ("not suitable for ladies"). The Murray-Baedeker traveller was cultured, tough, and open-minded; these remarkable books, once his prop, are now his not unworthy memorial.

The first slight surprise on opening this new Murray is to find what limited interests to-day's tourist is supposed to have. Older guide-books contained essays on Extent and Boundaries, Scenery and Climate, Geology, Fauna and Flora, Industries, History, and so on; but this new book is a guide, say the authors, "to what can be seen in the way of buildings and their decoration." Only that. Sir J. G. Frazer, writing of Pausanias, father of all guide-book writers, said "he interested himself neither in the natural beauties of Greece, nor in the ordinary life of his contemporaries." If, seventeen centuries hence, someone says this of Betjeman and Piper, he will, of course, be wrong, but perhaps excusably wrong.

However, let us accept this as an architectural guide, observing that it is so described on the title page (though not on the cover), and see what it has to offer the inquiring tourist. First come one hundred and sixty-six varied and interesting photographs. "We felt," say the authors, "we must illustrate pictorially as much of the variety of Bucks as would lend itself to illustration and describe the rest in the gazetteer." But the choice has been limited by two other principles. Only "those objects which struck us as beautiful" were to be illustrated or mentioned at length, and only "what is characteristic of Bucks."

Among the objects that struck the authors as beautiful and characteristic of Bucks were mid-Victorian stained glass by a Birmingham firm, a church by Butterfield, and some sham-antique half-timber. One class of objects that apparently fails to qualify is memorial brasses, which are never mentioned. This queer, capricious taste saves us from the insipidity of a collection of photographs of the "beauties of Bucks," but those who have not yet come to care for such things as the Victorian use of the stencil may consider the choice a little esoteric, a little precious.

The rest of the book is a gazetteer which seeks to sum up in a few laconic words the general characteristics of two hundred and thirty-five parishes and to direct the traveller to objects of particular (architectural) interest. The condensed, allusive style may be a little hard on the intelligent foreigner, already wondering about the unexplained initials "V.C.H." and "R.C.H.M.,"

Sept. 16

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But there is much novel and valuable information. There ought to have been a bibliography. This book is the first of a series about the English counties. One might almost wish it were the first of a series about Bucks. Subsequent books could deal with agriculture and industries, fauna and flora, geography and history, and even those two subjects in which Pausanias was not interested. In the meantime, here are fine photographs of Stowe and Tyringham and Langley Marish, and other handsome and charming buildings, and here is a gazetteer which is obviously the product of knowledge, enthusiasm, and what would have been recognised as real hard work even by John Murray (the second) and Karl Baedeker (the first). STEPHEN BONE

THE WILDE TRIALS

Trials of Oscar Wilde. Edited by H. MONTGOMERY HYDE. *Hodge.* 15s.

By his appearance in the Notable British Trials Series—amongst defendants of such diverse calibre as Mary Queen of Scots and Dr. Crippen—an excuse will be provided for a revival of that somewhat wearisome controversy which seeks to determine whether or not Oscar Wilde deserved the two years hard labour to which he was sentenced at the Old Bailey in 1895. Voices raised in shrill anger by sympathisers who considered his punishment to have been unduly harsh are likely, still, to be drowned by the hearty indignation of those who deem it to have been—in the words of Mr. Justice Wills as he passed the maximum sentence allowed—" totally inadequate." Yet no unbiased person who reads the evidence reproduced here from verbatim reports of those three trials which provided the end of the English nineteenth century with its greatest *cause célèbre*, can doubt that, in similar circumstances, any judge to-day would exact the same penalty. What must always remain something of a mystery, however, is how Wilde, knowing only too well the peculiar details of his own private life, dared to institute proceedings against the Marquess of Queensbury. Such a strong plea of justification as he was likely to be faced with could hardly have remained outside the reckoning of any normal intelligence: nor does Wilde's vanity, or even the exuberance of his personality, seem quite to explain the recklessness with which he changed himself from a celebrated author into a world-famous pathological case. Even his less intimate friends saw the writing on the wall. " Why don't you withdraw from this case and go abroad? " George Alexander asked him. "Everyone wants me to go abroad," replied Oscar. " I have just been abroad, and now I have come home again. One can't keep on going abroad, unless one is a missionary, or, what comes to the same thing, a commercial traveller."

In a book so careful of its details it is surprising to find the blurb giving a false impression which it surely does when it declares that literary geniuses have seldom appeared in the dock on so serious a charge as that of sodomy. But Wilde was charged with having committed offences under the Criminal Law Amendment Act, which ten years previous to his trial had not been in existence. Although slight, the error is unfortunate inasmuch as it repeats a misconception that persists. But on the whole this record, whose interest for the layman is largely biographical, has an advantage over many recent " Lives " of Wilde, for the reason that it deals in facts instead of conjectures, at least during the most fateful period of its subject's career. Too often in the past the reader has been misled by partisan writers into a maze of bewildering contradictions: but thanks to Mr. H. Montgomery Hyde's excellent and impartial introduction to the present volume, he has now less need to speculate upon what, at the eleventh hour, " Bosie " Douglas said to Oscar, Oscar said to " Bosie," and Frank Harris (that most indefatigable of inaccurate journalists) alleged that he himself said to both of them.

What chiefly emerges from this vast collection of legal evidence is the irrepressible spirit Wilde managed to maintain at a time when men of lesser stature would have sought refuge in monosyllabic denials. Either because he could not help himself, or on account of his refusal to vacate the position he held as the greatest wit of his day, he is seen to rise above the sordid atmosphere in which he chose to take his pleasures, with all the assurance of a star actor who senses that the audience is with him. Time and again, as the target of a cross-examination by Mr. Edward Carson that cannot have failed to shake him inwardly, he retaliates with verbal sallies that are worthy of his best work as a dramatist. And these brilliantly amusing retorts, all of which must have been impromptu, more than anything else help one to understand the assertion so frequently made by contemporaries who heard him, that his genius was most evident in his conversation.

Except in *The Importance of Being Earnest*, which stands by itself as a masterpiece of comedy, Wilde's use of epigrammatic dialogue is seldom more than an attempt to get the laugh, regardless of the character into whose mouth it is put: but this method, while usually ineffective as a means of producing a satisfactory play, becomes very successful entertainment when applied to a one-man-show: such a show as he put on at the Old Bailey. An example of this gay repartee—one of many—is his reply when questioned about taking a lad to Brighton and providing him with a suit of blue serge. "I did," said the defendant, after which Mr. Carson added, " And a straw hat with a band of red and blue? " " That, I think," said Wilde, " was his own unfortunate selection." And not only in his lighter moments did Wilde succeed, in court, in improving considerably upon his dialogue for the stage. When questioned by the Solicitor-General as to the meaning of a line in a poem by Lord Alfred Douglas (" I am the love that dare not speak its name ") he responded with a speech seventeen lines in length that far surpassed in quality any comparable passage in his plays, most of which are indistinguishable from Miss Corelli's purple passages. Small wonder, then, that it was greeted with loud applause, and some booing; and that " Silence in Court " had to be called for. Sir Travers Humphreys provides an admirable foreword to the book, which he concludes: " R.I.P." At present there seems little likelihood of this sentiment being observed. SEWELL STOKES

HISTORY AND THE HUNT

Monarchy and the Chase. By " SABRETACHE."
Eyre and Spottiswoode. 16s.

Oscar Wilde's celebrated description helped to strengthen the contemptuous attitude of non-sporting circles for the Fox-Hunting Man; this contempt is not so prevalent or so deep as formerly, partly, I suggest, because of the success and beauty of Siegfried Sassoon's trilogy, published in the late Twenties, and partly because the territory of hunting folk has greatly diminished—in this country, at least—and seems about to pass into other hands.

It is therefore apropos to look back at what Gaston de Foix described as " the most honest and disportful of all games " and to do so from a deliberately narrowed point of view; for such a purpose there can be no better guide than the author of *Monarchy and the Chase*, a fascinating, untidy, idiosyncratic, intensely readable book; with him we may watch the long pageant of kings and queens in the hunting-field, from Charlemagne pursuing the aurochs in the Pyrenees dur-

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ROBERT LYND in *The Observer*

DENT

ing the latter half of the Eighth Century, to Edward VIII "calling a cab" with the Pytchley in the Twentieth.

Our history as a hunting nation dates much further back than the Norman Conquest (King Penda, *circa* 642, can, it seems, be placed among our first M.F.H.'s) but it is with the monarch who "loved the tall deer as if he were their father" that most readers may prefer to begin. (I don't know where this quotation originally came from; but I like to recall it, because, as an inattentive and lazy child, I always took it to mean that William I made pets of the creatures and planted the New Forest for them to run about in unmolested). Well, then—we begin with William the Conqueror and his terrifying game laws, go out with Henry I at Epping, get into a slack period with Stephen—who was too busy ousting Matilda to show any real sport—achieve some good days with Henry II, breed the English "Great Horse" with Coeur-de-Lion (who once brought off a hundred-and-eight mile run, from Sherwood Forest to Barnesdale in Yorkshire) find ourselves "faced with a completely dead line" under King John, visit Rockingham Forest with Henry III, encourage the priests to hunt with Edward I, relapse a bit under Edward II and take three hundred couple of hounds and thirty falcons to Crécy with Edward III. There is a long check during the Wars of the Roses and then, as soon as that tiresome business at Bosworth Field has been settled, we can start off again with the Tudors. Henry VII doesn't count; he was, as he himself said, "a weak tilter," who starved his horse for twenty-four hours before venturing to ride him through the City of London; but with Henry VIII we can go out six days a week, use ten horses a day and hear Mass thrice daily between runs.

I hope that I have conveyed, however inadequately, the charm and the unusual quality of this book; but in case I have not done so I should like to stress the refreshing singlemindedness of the author, who reviews the Kings of England simply as huntsmen. The method is new, but the result is orthodox. For instance—John was the worst king we ever had (What about James II? No: he was all right, except for his "unkindness," deplorable in one Fox-Hunting Man to another, to the Duke of Monmouth), Richard Coeur-de-Lion absentee but sound, William Rufus a "hunting fanatic," a very bad thing to be (this is why he was killed by an arrow from an unknown hand and not, as an American M.F.H. seems to think, by "an enraged peasant" whose land had been taken from him by William I), Edward II "thriftless, spineless and craven" and therefore suitably disposed of in the stronghold of the Berkeley country, Richard II "a young King with all the right instincts and almost all the wrong friends"—and so on. If you are going to tackle a big subject entertainingly and easily, this is the way to set about it. But I should have liked the author to have given us more Chase and less History, although after page 41 his tendency to interlard his knowledge of the one with pre-digested chunks of the other diminishes.

It is sad to leave the Stuart kings, Newmarket, the Charlton and Windsor Forest for the "slow, dragging hunts made to suit the early Hanoverian monarchs" with George II grumbling ("I have lost a good horse and I have got a booby of a groom still to keep"), George II riding nineteen stone and George IV wrangling with Sir Charles Bunbury. In the reign of Queen Victoria the old palace at Newmarket where Charles II and his Court held their revels was pulled down by order of the Prince Consort and a Congregational Church built on the site; but horse-breeding improved and the young Prince of Wales made his *début* with the Queen's Staghounds who met at Denham Court on a March day in 1868, ran past Pinner to the foot of Harrow Hill, thence to Wormwood Scrubbs (where the Duc de Chartres got caught up in some wire) and on to Paddington Goods Station where the deer was taken, finishing at Marlborough House via Hyde Park and Constitution Hill.

The author's comments on the Twentieth Century Fox-Hunting Man are interesting and persuasive. He deplores the snobbery and vulgarity which have lately accrued to the Chase, and, although he is an unshakable Conservative, abjures the Tory-cum-landed-proprietor's party line and his frenzied abuse of the politicians who ha done so much to destroy fox-hunting in Englan to-day. He merely gives the figures of the ex penditure required for a modern M.F.H. and leaves them to speak for themselves, confinin himself to a single comment on that most borin of subjects, Class Hatred. In a remarkably tolerant passage he arraigns the Bright Youn People of the Twenties for making the Chase "an excuse for galloping, jumping and showin off" and thus lowering the standards that ha already been dragged down by the First Worl War. His conclusion, that as a nation, we mus continue to hunt if we are to survive, strikes rather a portentous note and is better left unanswered. "Sabretache" is an unpretentious, original and enthusiastic writer; his book is one to keep and re-read.

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GRAMOPHONE NOTES

SYMPHONY. Bruckner: *No. 7 in E major* (Concertgebouw-Van Beinum, K1916-23). This is the work which established Bruckner's reputation in Germany and Austria. Although, like all his symphonies, this one is diffuse and somewhat helplessly constructed, the noble inspiration of the themes, the large and truly symphonic quality of the thinking, compel attention and end by leaving an impression of power and sincerity. If, with Stravinsky, you disapprove of music which expresses feeling, this is not the symphony for you. But if you have been hesitating about Bruckner—putting off a decision and wondering whether or not to "try just once more"—here is a golden opportunity to take the measure of his greatness. For the Concertgebouw gives a performance which can only be called stupendous. In the opening bars Van Beinum's shaping and control of the far-flung melody proclaim his ardent mastery of this music. In his devotion to phrasing, balance, and precise dynamics, his concentration never slackens, and he makes of the famous Adagio written to celebrate the death of Wagner, a most moving experience. The recording is superbly contrived: from *ppp* to *fff* the tone is consistently realistic and beautiful.

CONCERTOS. Dvorak: *Violin Concerto in A minor op.* 53 (Ida Haendel/NSO—Rankl, K1744-7); Ravel: *Concerto for the Left Hand* (Casadesus/Philadelphia—Ormandy, LX1088-9). I think it is fair t describe Dvorak's single violin concerto (not counting the *Mazurek*) as, unaccountably, a bosh sho Composed when he was nearing the height of hi powers it ought, we feel, to display all his mos attractive qualities: freshness, melodic charm, spon-

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neity, high spirits. But no: this is "made" music —not of the worst kind, by any means—but scarcely ver illumined by Dvorak's genius. The new issue eems unlikely to enhance the reputation of the work. he solo is competently played, but with a hard, nyielding bow. The recording is not one of Decca's appiest efforts: the tone is coarse and the balance ncomfortable, with Miss Haendel drowning the rchestra. The Menuhin set remains the more agreeble, though it is far from new. The opening and losing sections of Ravel's *Left Hand Concerto* (1930) rouse the suspicion that the composer had been looking through a notebook kept at the period of *Daphnis and Chloe*. At all events, the middle section, ith its empty modal roystering, does not marry at ll well with the Bakstian theatrics of the main coneption. A pity, because this odd work contains ome of Ravel's most fascinating pages; the passage hich leads from the beginning of the cadenza to he final orchestral conflagration is a thrilling piece f rhetoric. It is regrettable that Cortot's recording f this concerto should no longer be available, for he new set is most unsatisfactory. Robert Casadesus uts up a scintillating show, of course; but the recording of the piano is dreadfully shallow and metallic, nd much important orchestral detail is lost in the ude blare of a performance conducted without taste r refinement.

MISCELLANEOUS ORCHESTRAL. Bax: *The Garden f Fand* (RPO—Beecham, DB6654-5); Handel: *oyal Fireworks Music* (Liverpool Phil—Sargent, DX1494-5); Sibelius: *Finlandia* (Philharmonia—Malko, C3767); Elgar: *Pomp and Circumstance* Marches, Nos. 3, C minor, and 4, G major (LSO—Braithwaite, K1141); Josef Strauss: *Music of the Spheres*—Waltz (LPO—Kleiber, K1924). Sir Arnold Bax is the kind of romantic composer who is at his est when his musical thought is controlled by a efinite literary "programme." *The Garden of Fand* s a comparatively early work, written at a time when omposers were still busy exploring the possibilities f elaborate orchestral textures. The themes in this ymphonic poem are not perhaps very distinguished, ut the sound is always beautiful. The opening ages are deliciously evocative, and the final climax, hen the sea overwhelms the island and its revellers, s an impressive piece of tone-painting. The performance is a fine one, and the recording gets most f the score on to the disc without undue strain. Sir Malcolm Sargent's reading of the *Royal Fireworks* s splendidly vital: the Overture has all the sense of great occasion, and the lovely Siciliana is a glowing xample of string ensemble. The recording, brilliant hough it is, may, I fear, prove too strenuous for any ut first-class reproducers. Owners of smaller gramophones might be well advised to keep to the old Harty set, which is a classic in its way. The latest *Finlandia* disc seems likely to supersede its predecessors. The piece is conducted with warmth and authority; the orchestra plays with conviction, and the recording, although very resonant, keeps well on this side of distortion. The *Pomp and Circumstance* Marches are, within their chosen limits, excellent pieces of music. This disc completes a well played and agreeably recorded set. The new version of *Music of the Spheres* is definitely superior to that by the Boston Promenade Orchestra, reviewed in this column a couple of months ago. Even so, the performance is on the heavy side, compared with those of the recent Karayan and Krips recordings of Strauss waltzes. Erich Kleiber is a great musician, but his qualities, which are those of a symphonic and (above all) an operatic conductor, do not show to advantage in this rather uninteresting waltz.

PIANO AND CHAMBER MUSIC. Brahms: *Intermezzi* in E flat major, op. 117, and A minor, op. 116 (Schnabel, DB6505); Bach: *Chorale-Prelude* "Sleepers Wake," and Scarlatti: *Sonata in F major* (L.384) (Solomon C3768); Schumann: *Papillons,* and Chopin: *Waltz in B minor,* op. 69 No. 2 (Eileen Joyce. K1928-9); Debussy: *Clair de Lune* and *La Cathédrale Engloutie* (Harriet Cohen. DX1496); Tchaikovsky: *Waltz* (arr. Babin) from "Swan Lake" ballet (Vronsky and Babin. DX1489); Sarasate: *Habanera,* and Wieniawski: *Scherzo Tarantelle* (Yehudi Menuhin acc. Moore. DB6704). Schnabel is at the top of his form in the Brahms pieces: this is the perfection of intimate, firmly modelled playing. The piano tone in this record is exceptionally beautiful. So it is in the Solomon disc. This artist knows exactly how to interpret the equanimity of Bach's meditative manner. In Scarlatti the pianist does not quite achieve the crystalline definition of Casadesus, whose astounding Scarlatti records are now a collector's rarity; but Solomon's reading only just fails to make us forget that this is essentially harpsichord music. Before the war Miss Eileen Joyce was an outstandingly gifted, if not very sensitive, performer who at least never failed in technical accomplishment. What has happened to her talent? Neither *Papillons* nor the Chopin Waltz are particularly taxing pieces, yet she plays them in an utterly spiritless, tentative, dull manner; slow and heavy in the brisk sections, untidy and inexpressive elsewhere. It is regrettable that a fine artist, at the height of her fame, allowed a performance like this to go out on disc. Though she plays with more conviction, I cannot recommend Miss Cohen's Debussy very much more heartily. She uses far more sustaining pedal than disc recording will admit, with the result that the outlines of *Clair de Lune* are fogged. In *La Cathédrale Engloutie* the tempo is not sufficiently controlled and the big chordal passage is defaced by a hard, stabbing attack. Sole survivor of an admirable and deleted set of the Preludes, Gieseking's record of this piece is still the best, although, being a 10-inch disc, it involves a tiresome break in the middle. Vronsky and Babin are about the best duo of the kind in existence, and their playing is as full of verve and nicety as ever; but the recording, which I take to be American, is dim and unpleasant to a degree. As for Yehudi Menuhin, no doubt he could play this sort of music standing on his head; but we demand something different—something altogether better—from a violinist who is, at any rate potentially, among the great executants of his day. The fact that he is placed too near the mike does not make the Palm Court style, in which he throws off these pieces, any more palatable.

VOCAL. Weber: *Der Freischütz*—"Wie nahte mir der Schlummer" (Ljuba Welitsch/Philharmonia—Süsskind. LX1090); Mascagni: *Cavalleria Rusticana*—"No, no, Turiddu" (Sara Scuderi/Aldo Ferracuti/Orch—Erede. C3769); Mozart: *Don Giovanni*—"Deh vieni alla finestra," and Donizetti: *La Favorita*—"Vien Leonora" (Silveri/Covent Garden Orch—Rankl. Col. DB2428); Debussy: "Green," and Fauré: "L'Hiver a cessé" (*La Bonne Chanson*) (Maggie Teyte. DA1893). Madame Welitsch gives a performance brimming over with character—and how often can one say that of any singer to-day? It is not only that she possesses a beautiful steady voice and knows how to produce it: her diction is so good, her phrasing so expressive that it is impossible not to attend fully to every moment in her singing of this glorious scena. Indeed her artistry is so remarkable that I cannot understand how she can bring herself to hurry the adagio melody so disastrously. No great singer of the past would have threatened the meditative, floating quality of this passage by such cavalier treatment. It is the one blot on a magnificent record, in which orchestral playing and balance are alike excellent. The big duet from *Cavalleria* is capably sung, and the cut (involving an absent Lola) does not greatly matter. A good, safe record. Signor Silveri does well by the lovely little aria from *La Favorita,* but his singing of the Don's serenade is sensibly below pitch, as well as crude in tone and inelegant in phrasing. The accompaniment dispenses with the mandolin which Mozart calls for in the score. Neither good nor safe. Miss Maggie Teyte is at her very best (and how good that can be!) in *Green,* which is a model of authenticity in style and phrasing. Oddly enough, she fails to make much of the final song from *La Bonne Chanson.* Her voice

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sounds thin and nervous, and the emotion, at once passionate and restrained, of this beautiful song does not reach us. On both sides the piano accompaniment of Gerald Moore is a marvel of tone and precision, and for once in a way the recording balance is exactly right. EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Space-saving key: DB, DA, C=HMV.
LX, LB, DX=Columbia.
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No. 967

Set by Richard Lister

Six Guineas in prizes are offered for a case history, such as one comes across in psycho-analytical textbooks, of one of the following: Mr. Gladstone, Dr. Johnson, Wagner, Marx, Freud, Dr. Arnold.

Histories should not exceed 200 words.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 964

Set by John Brown

The usual prizes are offered for a clerihew on a holiday resort.

Report by John Brown

Except for the rhymes on Bude—a national victim of the light versifier—there is nothing to complain of in this competition. All the clerihew calls for is the pointing of fine distinctions and peculiar corollaries; its danger is that the flatness of style may lead to the flat foot. I think the first twenty competitors succeeded, but in a large entry the choice is bound to be arbitrary. The prize is divided among Stanley J. Sharpless, Bernard Smith, Stanley French, Peggy Cox, D. W. Payne, R. J. P. Hewison, Percy Vere, (address please), Diablotin, Terence Melican, Ronald Lambton, Guy Kendall, Sybil, L. E. J., L. G. Udall, Allan M. Laing, J. Raymond Major, Haut Brion, C. S. Cook, D. R. Peddy, G. Mc D. Wilson.

PRIZES

I've always looked askance
At Penzance
And thought
" It's the last resort."
STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

I sigh for the girls I kissed with
Ardour at Aberystwyth
And other seaside places—
Eheu! fugaces . . . .
BERNARD SMITH

For light on
Brighton
Consult Graham Greene,
Who's been.
STANLEY FRENCH

At Harrogate only the swells
Visit the pump-room, drink of the wells,
The penurious
Remain curious.
PEGGY COX

At Prestatyn
Deck chairs are sat in:
The same thing is true, I dare say,
Of Colwyn Bay.
D. W. PAYNE

The County Borough of Blackpool,
Would not have appealed to H. de Vere Stacpoole.
He could scarcely be expected to feel
For the Great Wheel.
R. J. P. HEWISON

If Devon
Is really a bit of Heaven
I can't help being disappointed
With some of the Lord's anointed.
PERCY VERE

Pwllheli
Was never painted by Botticelli.
Nor did Van Gogh
Paint Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogoro-
chrwndrobwllllantisiliogogogoch.
DIABLOTIN

At Blackpool, even the strong
Quail at a concrete promenade seven miles long;
So every morning on the sands
The entire population (with the exception of
residents) is in a position to join hands.
TERENCE MELICAN

Weymouth
Would have been much more famouth
If under George the Fourth it
Had tried to Brighton Dorthet.
RONALD LAMBTON

The houses in Cheltenham
Have names wrongly spelt in 'em,
E.g. " Hygea "
(Near Greek, but not very ne-ar).
GUY KENDALL

In Looe
There's nothing much to do,
I think Looe's
Not the place to Choose.
SYBIL

Paw?
Well, I don't know.
Spa?
Ah!
L. E. J.

The *little* theathide platheth
Have never been much in my good gratheth.
But I *love* Bournemouth
Itth tho enormouth.
L. G. UDALL

Hardly any Cossacks
Haunt the Trossachs;
And to look for them at Ballachulish
Would be just as foolish.
ALLAN M. LAING

The old men of Penzance
All wear long furry pants,
Which their wives sit and mend
On the rocks at Land's End.
J. RAYMOND MAJOR

At York there is piety
And sobriety.
There is, of course, more gaiety
Among the laity.
HAUT BRION

In the winter at Helsingfors
You'ld be glad of thick pants out of doors,
But at Cheltenham
You might melt in 'em.
C. S. COOK

Butlin thought highly
Of Filey,
And filled it with many a pally
Chalet.
D. R. PEDDY

Perranporth
Should be moved north.
It would be best.
If it went west.
G. McD. WILSON

RUNNERS UP

If you've time to kill,
Go to Rhyl,
Although on return you'll report your
Slow torture.
KENNETH CHESTER

Dahn at Sahfend
You just grabs a girl-friend.
(Yer gotter be more subtle in
A Butlin).
PATRICK THORNHILL

Any Gentleman can be seen tight on
The promenade at Brighton:
But—by Jove,
If it happened at Hove!
J. D. K. LLOYD

Benllech on Anglesea
Lacks one main charm for me:
'Though sea-swept and summery
It has primitive plumbery.
D. S. W.

Those who really like Margate
Find themselves rather a target;
So they gild the pill
By calling it Cliftonville.
ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

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ONDON Council of Social Service invites applics. for post of Development Officer for munity Associations and Centres. Organis- exp., social and administrative, with volun- organisations engaged in community centre k or adult education. Commencing salary o; family allowance; superann. scheme. Ap- in writing, enclosing three recent testi- ials, to: General Secy., 7 Bayley St. Bed- Sq. W.C.1. Closing date Sept. 4, 1948.

ATIONAL Peace Council will shortly ap- point Assistant to Director for general or- sing and public relations work. Sal. £350- o according to qualifics. Applics. to Chair- , National Peace Council, 144 Southamp- Row, W.C.1.

ITISH Library of Political and Economic Science (London School of Econs. and ical Science). The Librarian reqs. a pri- secretary. Further partics. from the arian, Brit. Library of Political & Eco- ic Science, Houghton St. Aldwych, W.C.2, applics. should reach him by Sept. 9.

Appointments Vacant—continued

LONDON School of Econs. and Political Science (Univ. of London). Applics. invited from men and women graduates for appointment to an Assistant Lectureship (or possibly a Lectureship) in Department of International Relations. Salary scale £400 p.a., rising to £500 (lectureship, £500 p.a., rising to £859) with superann. benefits and family allowances. Pref. is likely to be given to someone who whilst qualified to share in general teaching of the subject is able to deal more intensively with its psychological aspects. Applics., which should be accompanied by names of three refs., should be forwarded by Sept. 15, 1948, to Secretary, London School of Econs., Houghton St. Aldwych, W.C.2, from whom further partics. may be obtained.,

EDUCATIONAL Foundation for Visual Aids. The Governing Body of the Educ. Foundation for Visual Aids invite applics. for following post:—Publications Officer: for duties mainly in connection with preparation of film and film-strip catalogues. An extensive knowledge of films and film-strips and their use in education is desirable. Salary scale: £500×£30—£650. In deciding starting sal., which may exceed the minimum stated, the Governors will take into account exp. and qualifics. Further partics. regarding this appointment, together with applic. form, obtainable from Director, Educational Foundation for Visual Aids, 33 Queen Anne St. W.1, to whom applics. should be returned immediately.

ST. Pancras Borough Council. Appointment of Librarians. Applics. invited from Chartered Librarians for the undermentioned appointments. Sal. scale, £420-£15-£465 p.a. (plus London weighting), in accordance with Grade II of the National Scheme. Senior Assistant Librarians: Candidates must have a thorough knowl. of all routine duties and exp. of home reading depts., ref. library work and all other departmental and extension activities of a modern public library service. Assistant Children's Librarians: Candidates must have had wide exp. of work with young people and of modern children's library methods and activities, including story hours, lectures, discussion groups, play-reading circles, and other extension work. The appointments will be subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937. The Council are unable to assist in the provision of housing accom. Canvassing will disqualify. Applicants must disclose in writing whether they are related to any member or senior officer of the Council. Applics. by letter, stating age, qualifics., exp., past and present engagements, together with copies of three recent testimonials, must be delivered to R. C. E. Austin, Town Clerk, St. Pancras Town Hall, Euston Rd. N.W.1, by Sept. 17.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society. Part-time male Secretary required, to organise lectures, discussions and other activities. Reply promptly, stating age, details exp., to Hon. Registrar, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1.

HAMPSHIRE C.C. Applics. invited for appointment of Deputy Children's Officer. Person appointed will be reqd. to deputise for the Children's Officer and undertake such other duties as that officer may require. Applicants should have had good admin. exp. and have held responsible appointments in Social Service with exp. in the care of children. Possession of a Univ. Degree or of a Social Science qualific. is reqd. Pref. will be given to applicants between 28 and 45 years of age. Appointment will be in Grade VI of the A.P.T. division of the N.J.C. Scale of Salaries, i.e., £595 by two increments of £20 and one of £25 to £660 p.a., and is superannuable. Person appointed will be reqd. to keep a car for which travelling allowances will be paid. Further partics. and applic. forms which must be returned by Sept. 15, obtainable from Children's Officer, 2 Clifton Terrace, Winchester.

WILTSHIRE C.C. Applics. are invited: (1) From women over the age of 27 with the necessary qualifics. and considerable exp. for the post of Assistant Children's Officer. Sal.: Grade VI of National Scales (£595-£660). Duties include deputising for Children's Officer and possibly training of students. (2) From men or women for the post of Child Care Officer. Sal., Grade II of National Scales (£420 to £465). Training and exp. in the boarding-out of children is desirable and a keen and informed interest in children is essential. Both appointments are superannuable, subject to medical exam., and terminable by 3 mths.' notice on either side. A motor car is essential, for which allowances are payable on the National Scale. Applics., together with copies of 2 recent testimonials and the names and addresses of 2 refs., must reach me by Sept. 13. Canvassing disqualifies. P. A. Selborne Stringer, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Trowbridge.

KENT Educ. Cttee. invite applics. for appointment as Women Welfare Officers. Duties will include the selection of foster homes and the care and supervision of children boarded out under provisions of Children Act, 1948, and the home supervision of handicapped children. Applicants should hold a Social Science Diploma or similar qualific. or have had previous exp. in social work with children. Salary within range £315 to £420 a year according to qualifics. and exp. Candidates appointed will be reqd. to pass a medical exam. and appointments are subject to provisions of Local Govt. Superann. Act, 1937. Forms of applic. obtainable from County Education Officer, Springfield, Maidstone, Kent, to whom they should be returned by Sept. 11.

GIRLS' Club Leader, age groups 10-18 yrs. and Play Centre. Sal. £150-£200 according to exp. and qualifics., plus board residence. Full partics. and testimonials to Warden, Grey Lodge Settlement. 9 Wellington St. Dundee.

Appointments Vacant—continued

ROYAL Holloway College, University of London. Appointment of Assistant Secretary to the Governors. Applics. are invited for post of Assistant Secretary to the Governors. Candidates should be graduates or possess equivalent qualifics.; previous exp. of administration and of committee work (incl. the taking of minutes) and a sound knowledge of book-keeping are essential. Sal. within range of £300-£500 (plus residence) according to qualifics. Applics., stating age, exp. and qualifics., tog. with copies of recent testimonials, should be sent to Secretary to the Governors, Royal Holloway College, Englefield Green, Surrey.

COUNTY Borough of Dudley. Applics. invited for post of Psychiatric Social Worker (male or female) on a sessional basis. Applicants must possess Mental Health Cert. of London School of Econs. and Political Science (Univ. of London) or any other cert./diploma approved by Assocn. of Psychiatric Social Workers. Sal. will be £1 3*s*. per half-day session and successful applicant will be reqd. to hold initially two sessions per week, and later four sessions per week. Applics., stating age and exp., together with copies of 3 recent testimonials, should be addressed to Medical Officer of Health, Council House, Dudley, to be received by Sept. 18, 1948.

CITY and County of Bristol Educ. Cttee. Applics. invited for appointment as Psychiatric Social Worker at the Child Guidance Clinic. Candidates should possess Mental Health Cert. of the London School of Economics or other approved certificate, and previous exp. in child guidance desirable. Salary in accordance with National Scale, viz., £370, rising by annual increments of £20 to £530 p.a. Commencing salary dependent on previous exp. Person appointed reqd. to pass medical exam. and contribute in accordance with appropriate Superann. Act. Applic. forms and further partics. obtained from G. H. Sylvester, Chief Educ. Officer, The Council House, College Green, Bristol, 1, and should be returned as soon as possible accompanied by copies of two recent testimonials.

COLDEAST and Tatchbury Mount Hospital Management Cttee., Coldeast, Sarisbury Green, Nr. Southampton. Social Worker reqd. for all types of supervision in the social care of patients of this Certified Institution. Sal. £370 p.a., rising to £530 p.a., together with an additional amount up to £75 p.a., which may be made according to exp. and any special responsibilities carried by the post. Applics. should be addressed at once to Medical Supt., Coldeast, Sarisbury Green, Nr. Southampton.

HAMPSHIRE C.C. invite applics. for undermentioned appointments: Travelling Relief Foster Mother, £246 7*s*. 6*d*. p.a.; Foster Mothers for Infants' Homes and Mixed Homes, £246 7*s*. 6*d*. p.a. Board, lodging, overalls and laundry will be provided in respect of which there will be a deduction in sal. mentioned at rate of £59 19*s*. p.a. Applics., from persons not under age of 18, must be made upon forms obtainable from me on receipt of s.a. env., and should reach me as soon as possible. Amicia Carroll, County Children's Officer, 2 Clifton Terrace, Winchester.

L.C.C. Applics. invited for post of qualified Assistant Mistress (resident) at North House School for Blind, 49 Princes Way, Wimbledon, S.W.19. Previous exp. with the blind is not essential. Candidates not holding Diploma of College of Teachers of the Blind will be reqd. to obtain it within 3 yrs. of date of appointment. Teaching will be with children aged 6-8 yrs. Ability to play piano and teach junior handwork and P.T. is desirable. Burnham (London) scale sal. with 2 addtl. increments throughout scale carried beyond maximum, plus a further additional increment for holders of Diploma of the College of Teachers of the Blind. Emoluments of board, lodging and washing, in consideration of supervisory and extraneous duties outside school hrs. and at week-ends. Forms of applic. from Educ. Officer (T.S.5), County Hall, S.E.1 (s.a.e. necessary), returnable by Sept. 11. Canvassing disqualifies. (1841.)

L.C.C. Applics. invited for post of qualified Assistant Master (resident) at Linden Lodge Residential School for Blind, Bolingbroke Grove, Wandsworth Common, S.W.11. Previous exp. with blind children not essential. Candidates not holding Diploma of College of Teachers of the Blind will be reqd. to obtain it within three yrs. of date of appointment. Teaching will be mainly with children of primary school age and ability to teach P.T. and swimming and play the piano or violin desirable. Burnham (London) Scale salary with 2 addtl. increments throughout scale carried beyond max., plus a further additional increment for holders of Diploma of the College of Teachers of the Blind. Emoluments of board, lodging and washing in consideration of supervisory and extraneous duties outside school hrs. and at week-ends. Candidates wishing to reside away from the school may be paid £104 p.a. in lieu of emoluments in respect of these extraneous duties. Forms of applic. from Educ. Officer (T.S.5), County Hall, S.E.1 (s.a.e. necessary) returnable by Sept. 11. Canvassing disqualifies. (1840.)

THE Central Council for Health Education invites applics. for appointment of Assistant Committee Clerk at a salary of £225 p.a. High standard of shorthand typing reqd. and a knowledge of committee procedure an advantage although not essential. Typed applics. should be submitted within seven days to: Medical Adviser & Secretary, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock Hse., Tavistock Sq., London, W.C.1.

LADY stenographer required with shorthand in English and German, knowledge of French desirable, for city Firm conducting export and overseas trade. Box 4828.

Appointments Vacant—continued

INTELLIGENT woman teacher wanted between 25 and 35, for work with juniors in boarding school for deaf children. Knowledge of teaching hearing children essential, but experience with the deaf not required. Scope for initiative and individuality. Apply by letter to the Principal, Hamilton Lodge School, Walpole Rd. Brighton.

HEATHFIELD School, Ascot: Senior French Mistress reqd. for January. Post probably leading to one of special responsibility later. Revised Burnham Scale, Government superannuation. Apply Headmistress.

READING Educ. Cttee. Applics. invited from women with suitable qualifics. and exp. for post of Girls' Club Leader in the Youth Club attached to South Reading Community Centre. Previous exp. of full-time leadership desirable. Salary scale, £270×£12—£420 with appropriate placing. Partics. of post and applic. forms may be obtained from P. S. Taylor, Chief Educ. Officer, Education Office, Blagrave St., Reading, to whom applics. should be returned by Oct. 2, 1948.

CAMBERWELL Playgrounds Committee. Wanted, Supervisor for experimental playground. Must be competent handyman and preferably trained and/or expd. in handling children. Sal. £260-£400 acc. to qualifics. Cambridge House, 131 Camberwell Rd. S.E.5.

THE Y.W.C.A. has the following vacancies in London: (1) Club Leader reqd. for Tottenham. Large active membership, all ages. To work up younger groups. Musical ability an asset. (2) General Secretary, and (3) Club Leader, Hammersmith Club. Good mixed membership. Ability to handle boys and girls essential. (4) Club Leader, Battersea. Club house with extension in school premises. (5) Pt.-time man leader reqd. for Battersea to organise boys' groups. Sals. for all these according to exp. Apply by letter, "S" Personnel Secretary, Y.W.C.A., Great Russell St. W.C.1. Women under 41 req. M. of L. permit.

STENOGRAPHERS for International Labour Office, Geneva.—A competitive examination is being organised for the filling of posts of English stenographer in the International Labour Office, Geneva, Switzerland. Salary, U.S. $2,176 p.a., rising by annual increments of $85 to a max. of $3,010. Following are qualifics. reqd.: Age, not less than 20 nor more than 35 yrs. Mother tongue, English. Education, good secondary educ. or equivalent. Languages, a good knowledge of French or other European languages would be useful. Candidate whose applics. are accepted by the Board of Examiners will be called upon to take part in an examination which will be held in London at a date to be announced later. This examination will consist of: (a) a stenographic test of five minutes at a progressive speed of 110 to 140 words per min. Transcription of this on a typewriter. (b) typing of a text in manuscript including a table. (c) typing from manuscript in a foreign language. (d) a short essay on any one of four subjects. Applics. for admission to the examination (which should be accompanied by copies only of refs. from previous employer/employers) to: Internatl. Labour Office, London Br. (T.N.), 38 Parliament St. S.W.1, before 4th Sept., 1948.

THE New Education Fellowship (International) seeks half-time Joint Secretary to share responsibilities with present Secretary. Sal. £400 p.a. for half-time services. Requirements: knowledge of education, some international exp., good organiser with contacts prepared to work on Fellowship's financial problems. Apply N.E.F., 1 Park Crescent, W.1.

LABOUR Party Research Dept. Applics. invited for post Research Assistant, edit. Labour Party Bulletin; run information service. Knowledge economics, Labour Movement; writing ability essential. Sal. £475, rising annual instalments £25 to £550. Closing date applics. Sept. 20. Forms from Sec., Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Sq. S.W.1.

INTERNATIONAL Transport Workers' Federation invites applics. for post of Assistant in its Research Dept. Applicants should have some knowledge of foreign languages, some exp. of library-work, and should be conversant with and interested in the trade union movement. Salary in accordance with T.U. standards. Applics. in writing to General Sec., Maritime Hse., Clapham Common, S.W.4.

SENIOR Shorthand-Typist wanted for responsible post in interesting Hospital Clinic. Please apply in writing to Secretary-Superintendent, Middlesex Hospital, W.1.

SECRETARY (25-35), well educated, with first-class shorthand-typing, required in legal office. Hours normally 9.30 to 5.30, 5-day week, but principal sometimes works late or week-ends and calls for cheerful co-operation for which he is prepared to pay £8 8*s*. per week. Box 5061.

WELFARE Organisation reqs. competent Secretary/Shorthand-Typist (Jewish) conversant with office routine, committee work and corresp., able to take responsibility. Write stating exp., age & sal. reqd. Box 5145.

RESEARCH Worker for small, high-class Advertising Agency. Young lady with pleasing personality, with sound knowledge of literature and the Arts, and some knowledge of printing. Write, giving full particulars with salary required, Box 5150.

TYPIST Clerk (female), shorthand pref. but not essential, reqd. for Bayswater Office of Export-Import Agency. Interesting work, 5-day week. Write, stating previous experience, age and sal. reqd. Box 5121.

SHORTHAND-typists, one senior, one junior, wanted for interesting work in daily newspaper office. Box 5222.

INTERESTING Vacancies for Typists, Shorthand-typists, Secretaries and Juniors. No fees to staff. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 38 Parliament St. S.W.1. Whi. 0606.